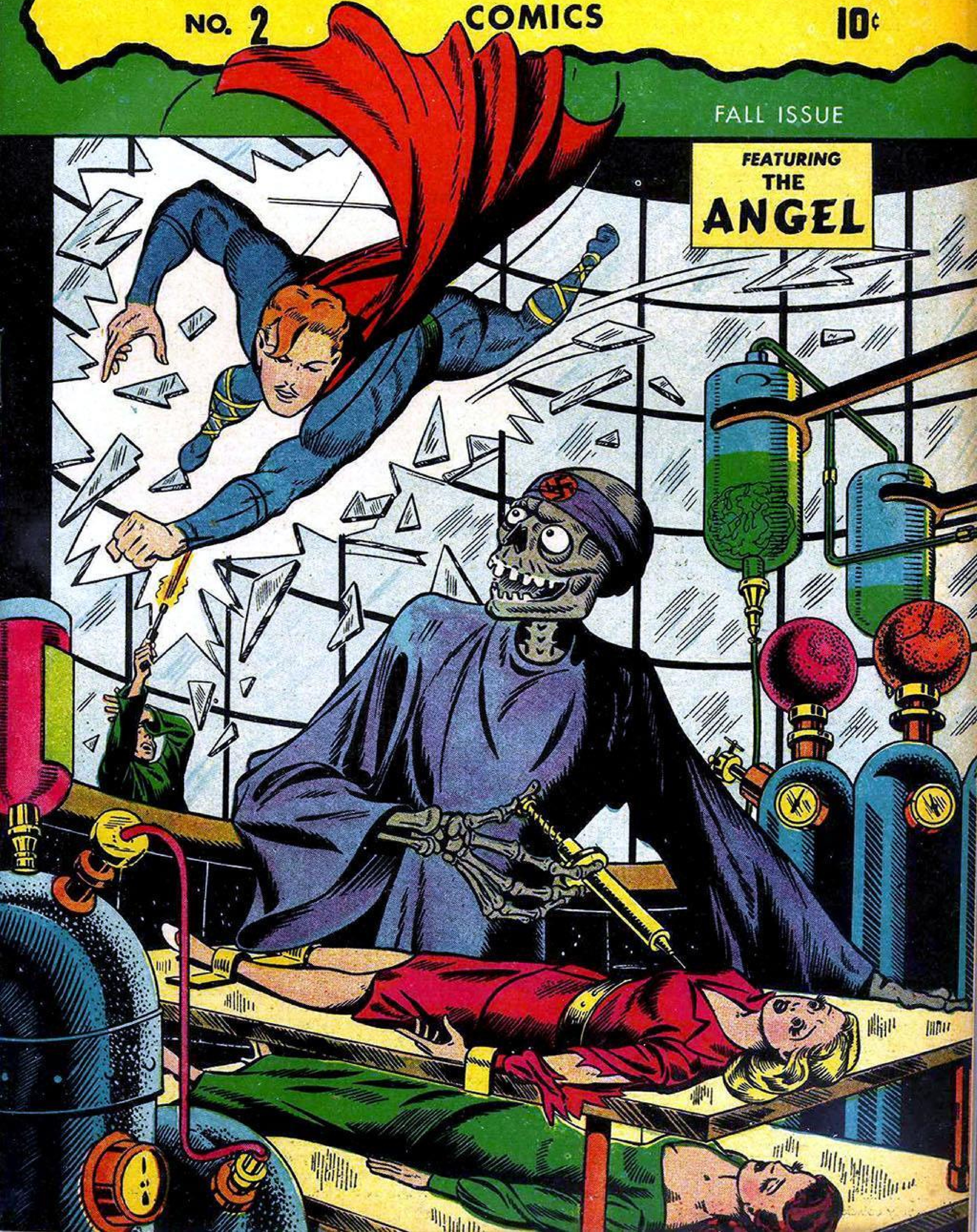
MYSTIC

NO. 2 COMICS 10¢

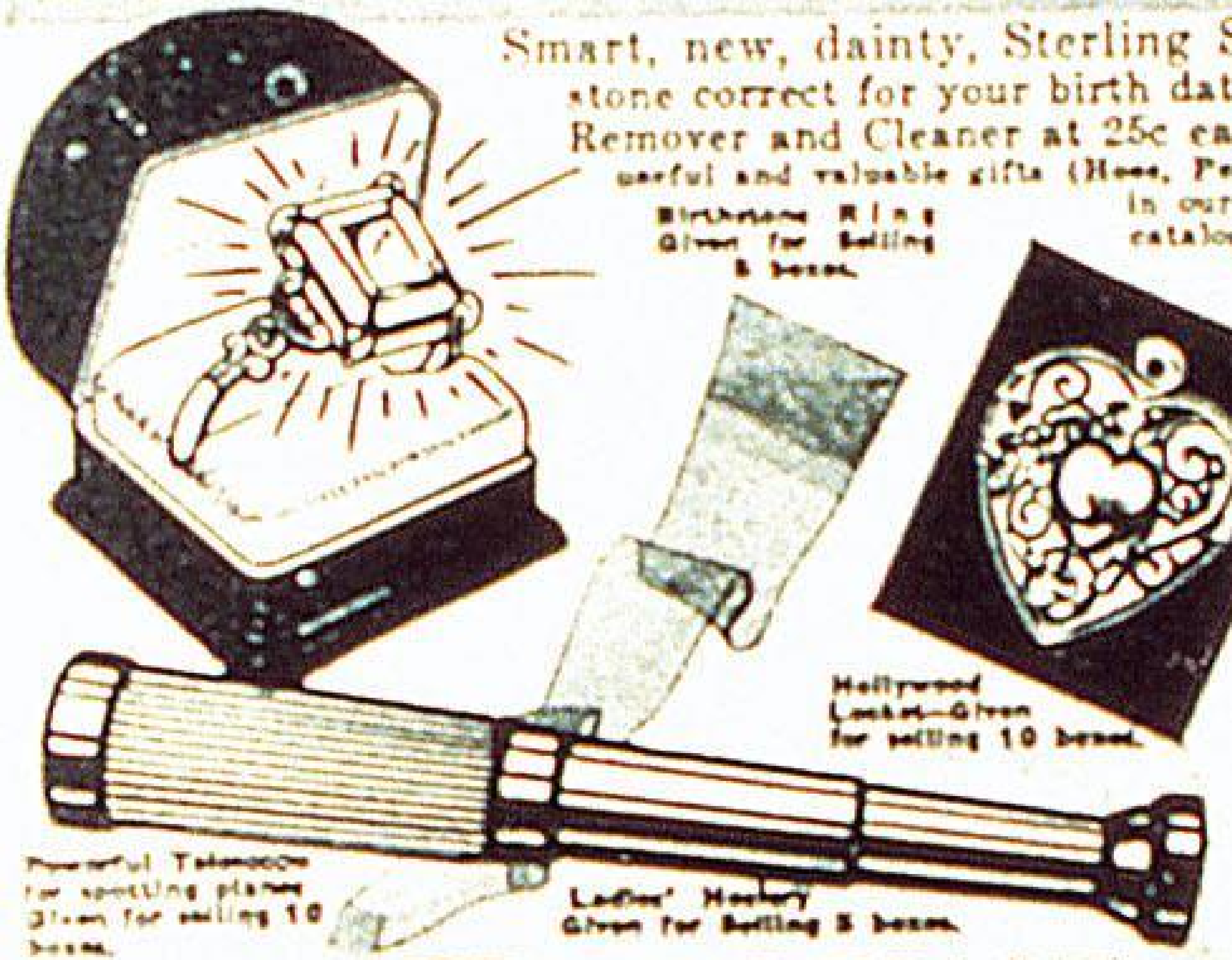
FALL ISSUE

FEATURING THE ANGEL



Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN *AWAY*
Also Other Valuable Gifts.

Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. Dozens of other useful and valuable gifts (Hose, Pens, Scissors, Rings, Lockets, Costume Jewelry, etc.) are also offered in our free catalog-circular. Send name and address today for order and catalog to start.



Birthstone Ring Given for Selling 5 boxes.

Hollywood Locket—Given for selling 10 boxes.

Powerful Telescope for spotting planes Given for selling 10 boxes.

Ladies' Hosiery Given for Selling 5 boxes.

Just Send The Coupon We TRUST You

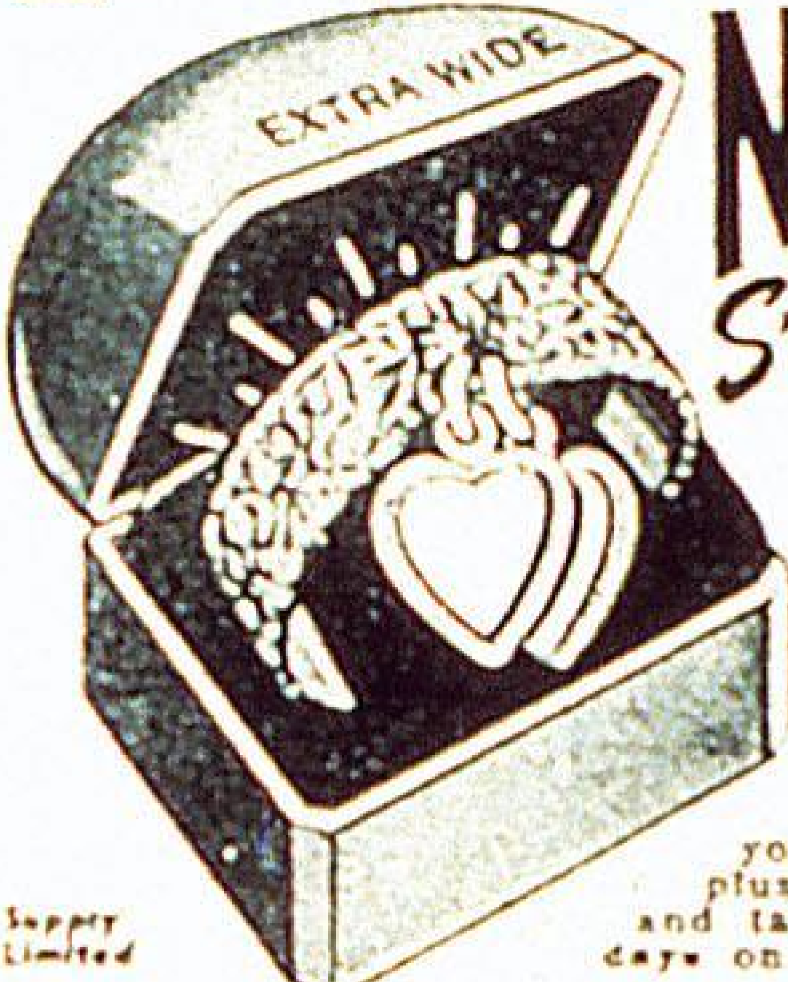
Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone. Send coupon today.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-118, Jefferson, Iowa

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-118 Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY.................. STATE........

Gift I would like to have you send me.
....
....



Supply Limited

NEW *True-Love and Friendship* *Sterling Silver* Pendant Heart Design RING $1.95 TEN DAYS TRIAL

The ring that grows in attractiveness and sentiment the longer it is worn. This genuine Sterling Silver ring is extra wide and beautifully embossed with the very newest "Forget-Me-Not" design with two pendant hearts suitable for engraving initials of loved ones. The ring of romance and true friendship.

No other gift is quite so appropriate among friends or lovers now that so many good friends, pals and sweethearts are far away from each other.

SEND NO MONEY

Just name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents mailing cost and tax, on arrival. Wear 10 days on money back guarantee.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.,
Dept. 164A, Jefferson, Iowa

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 164A, Jefferson, Iowa

Send the extra wide band Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Design Ring. I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name ....
Address ....
City ....
Ring Size.......... State..........................

For Your Ring Size

Use handy ring measure at right. Tie string around finger, cut and mark off size on scale.

New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 889, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Name ....
Address ....
City.................. State..........

Color of Hair
....
Color of Eyes
....

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 889, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

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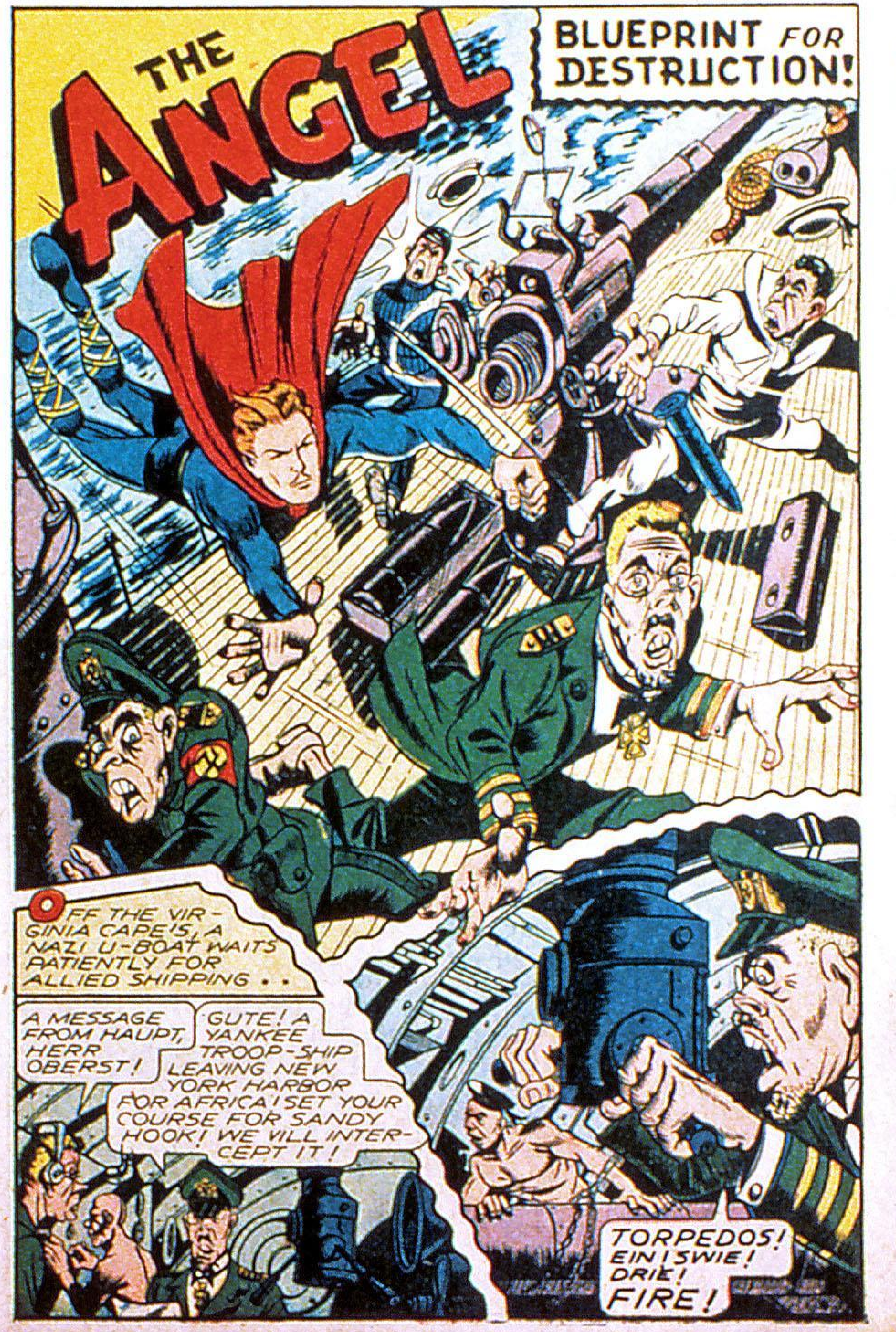
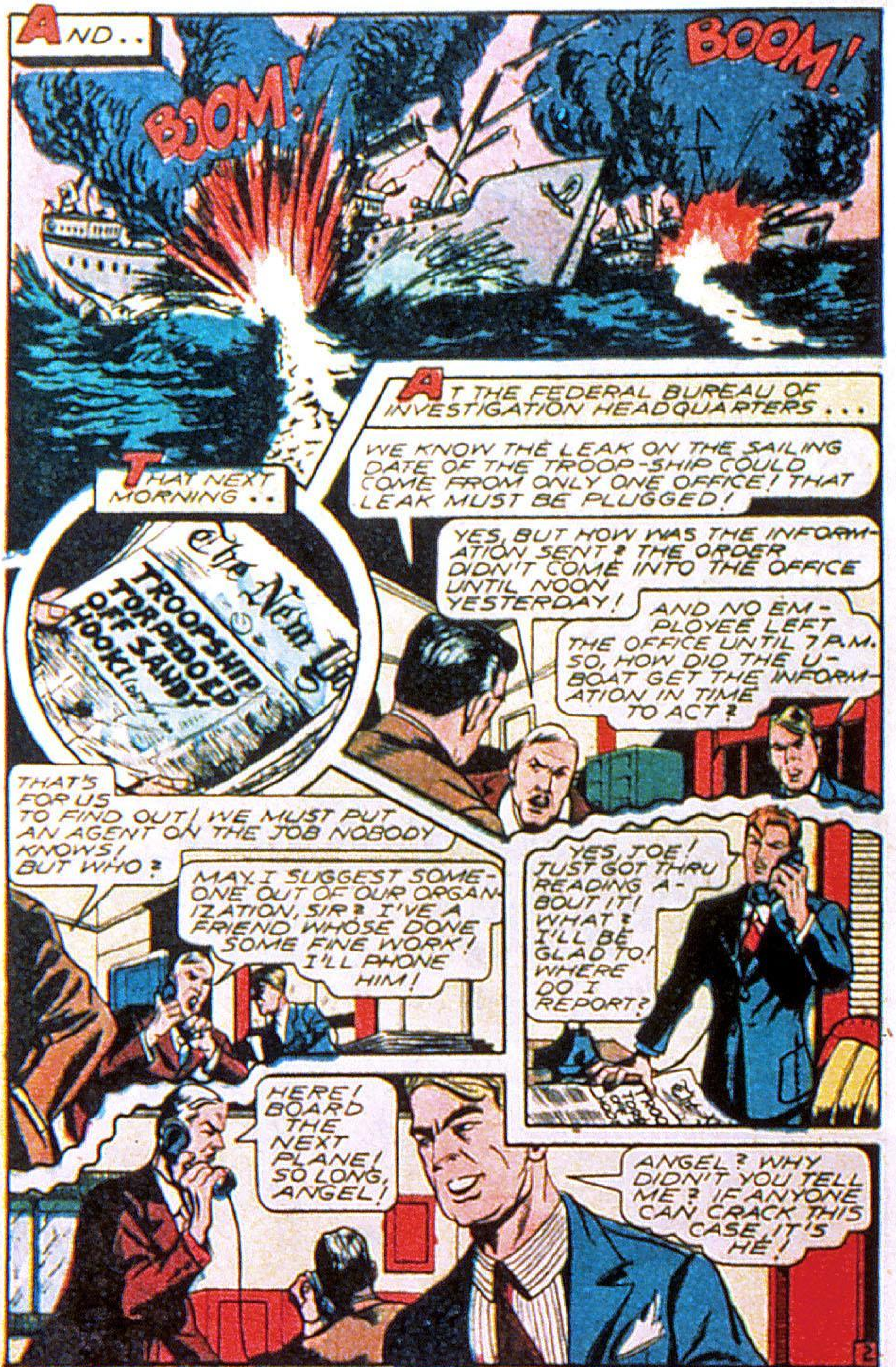
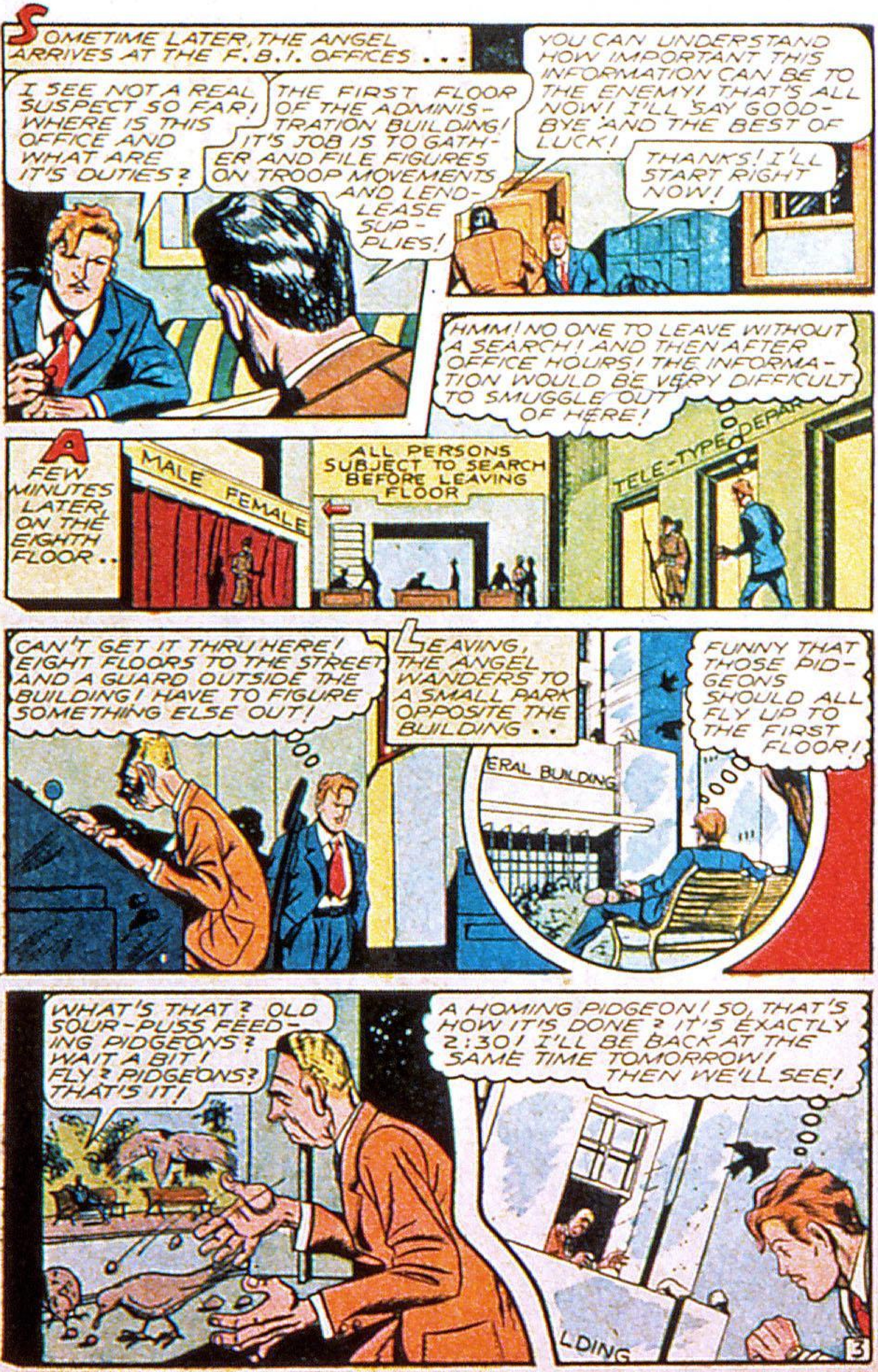
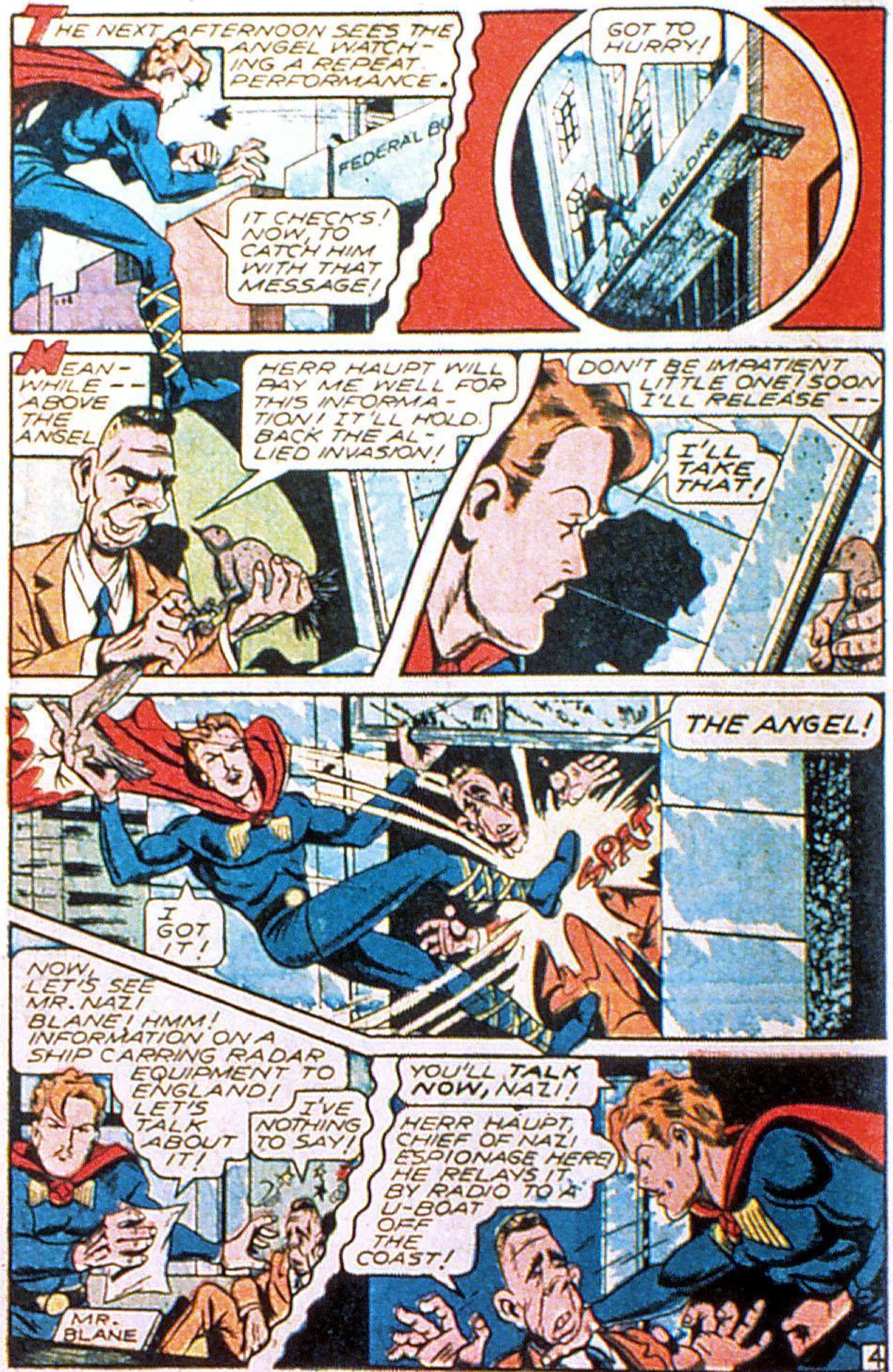
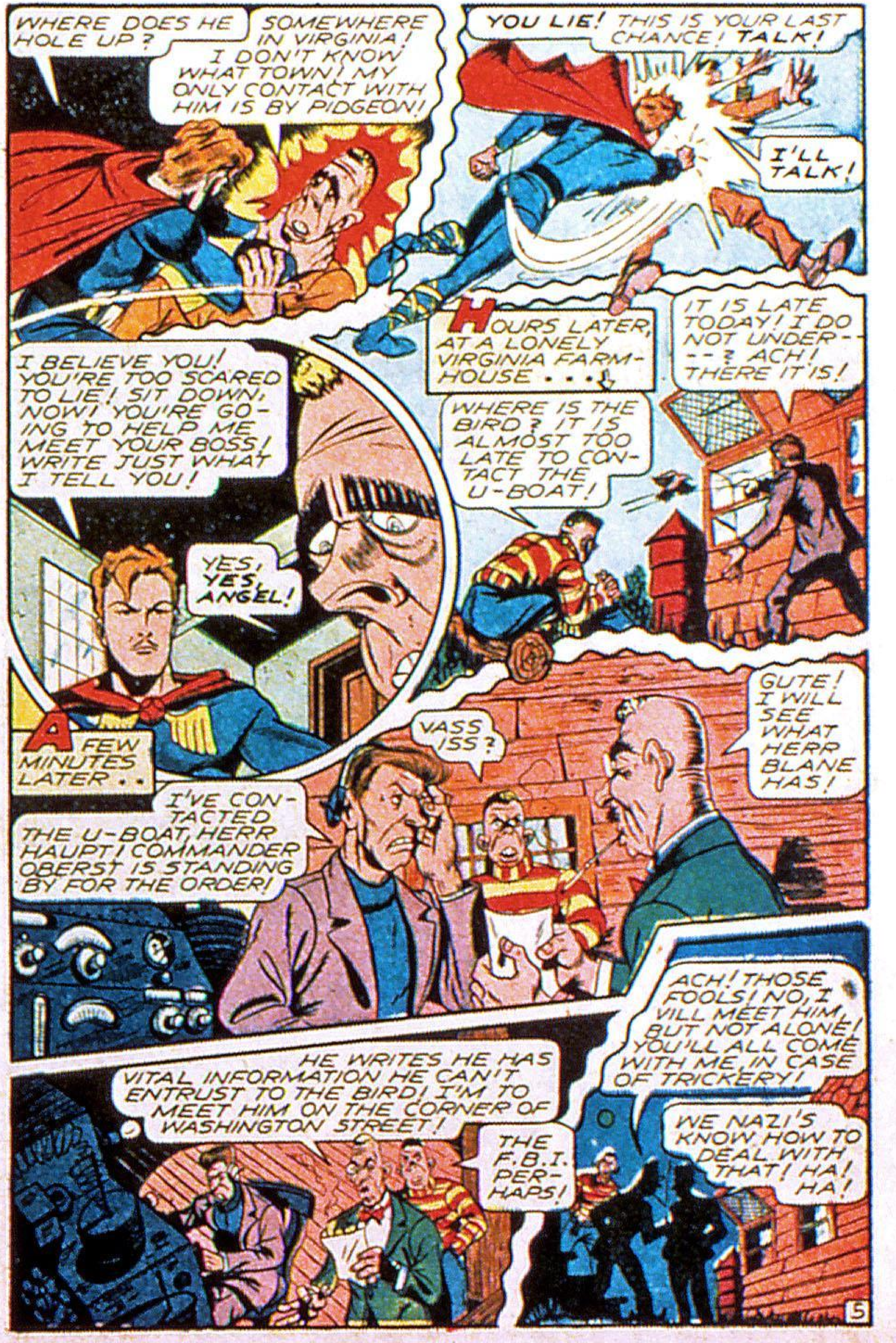
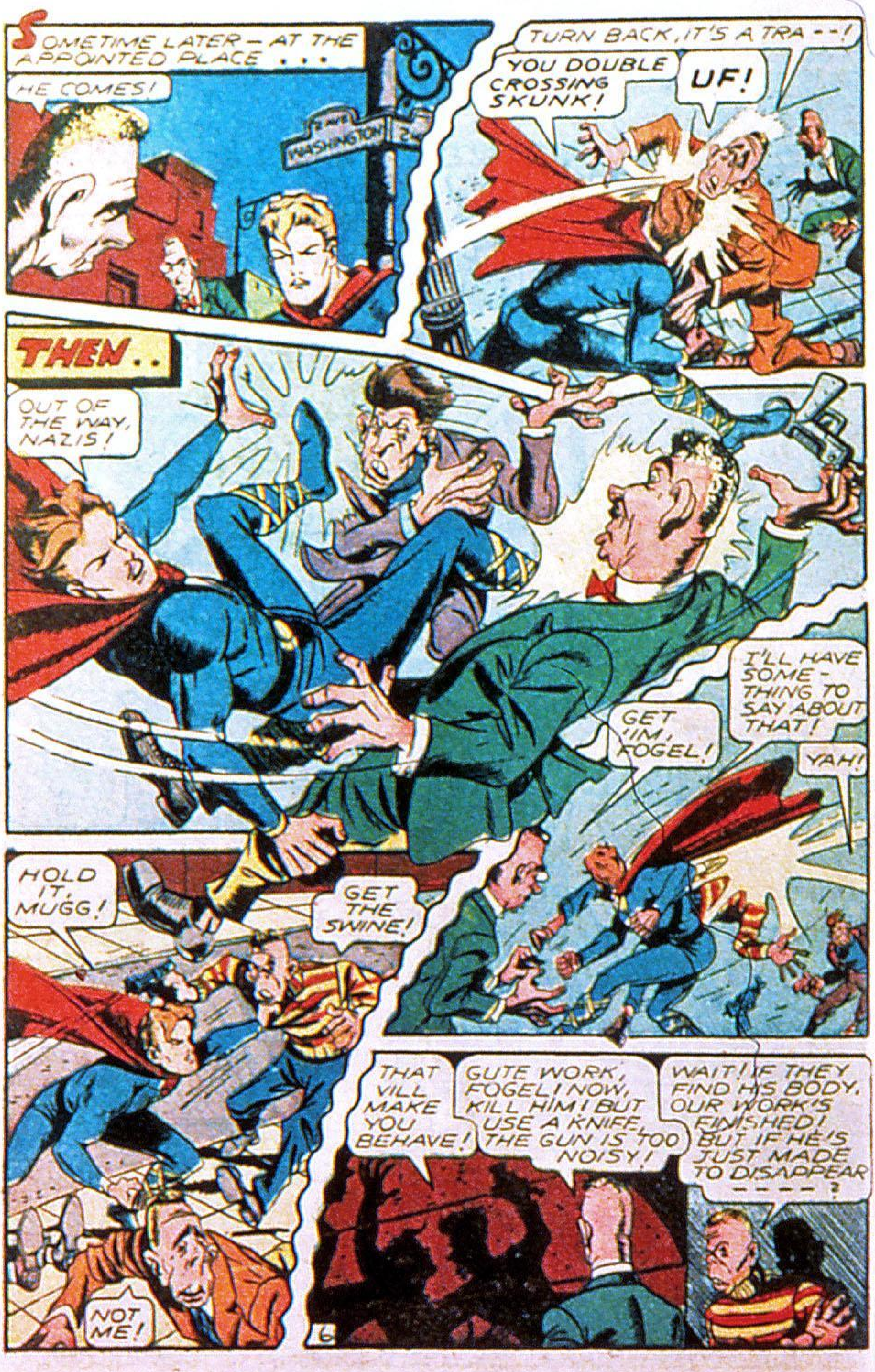

THE ANGEL
BLUEPRINT FOR DESTRUCTION!
OFF THE VIRGINIA CAPE'S, A NAZI U-BOAT WAITS PATIENTLY FOR ALLIED SHIPPING . .
A MESSAGE FROM HAUPT, HERR OBERST!
GUTE! A YANKEE TROOP-SHIP LEAVING NEW YORK HARBOR FOR AFRICA! SET YOUR COURSE FOR SANDY HOOK! WE VILL INTERCEPT IT!
TORPEDOS! EIN! SWIE! DRIE! FIRE!

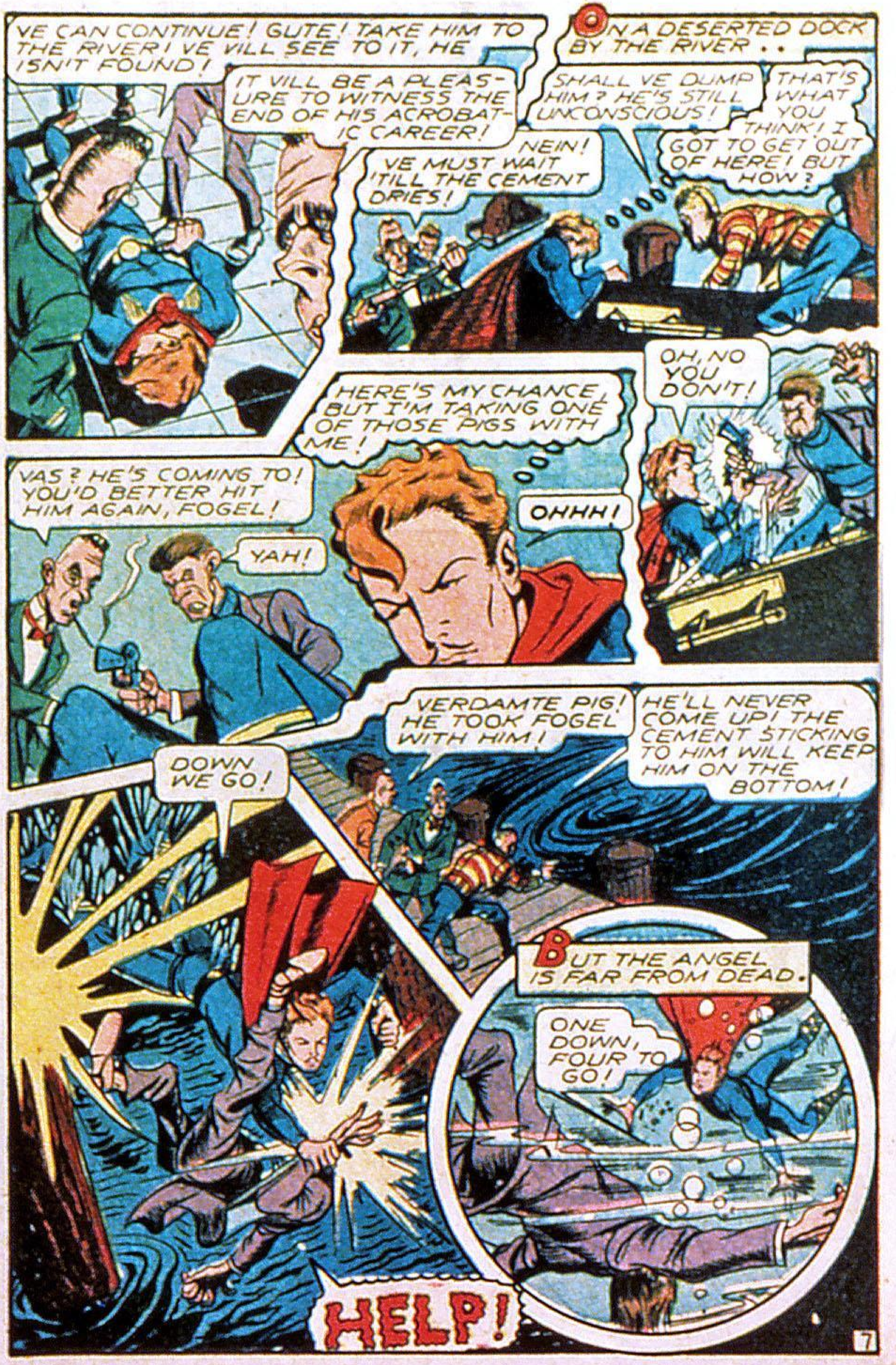

AND..
BOOM!
BOOM!
THAT NEXT MORNING..
The New Yo
TROOPSHIP TORPEDOED OFF SANDY HOOK!
AT THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION HEADQUARTERS...
WE KNOW THE LEAK ON THE SAILING DATE OF THE TROOP-SHIP COULD COME FROM ONLY ONE OFFICE! THAT LEAK MUST BE PLUGGED!
YES, BUT HOW WAS THE INFORMATION SENT? THE ORDER DIDN'T COME INTO THE OFFICE UNTIL NOON YESTERDAY!
AND NO EMPLOYEE LEFT THE OFFICE UNTIL 7 P.M. SO, HOW DID THE U-BOAT GET THE INFORMATION IN TIME TO ACT?
THAT'S FOR US TO FIND OUT! WE MUST PUT AN AGENT ON THE JOB NOBODY KNOWS! BUT WHO?
MAY I SUGGEST SOMEONE OUT OF OUR ORGANIZATION, SIR? I'VE A FRIEND WHOSE DONE SOME FINE WORK! I'LL PHONE HIM!
YES, JOE! JUST GOT THRU READING ABOUT IT! WHAT? I'LL BE GLAD TO! WHERE DO I REPORT?
HERE! BOARD THE NEXT PLANE! SO LONG, ANGEL!
ANGEL? WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME? IF ANYONE CAN CRACK THIS CASE, IT'S HE!

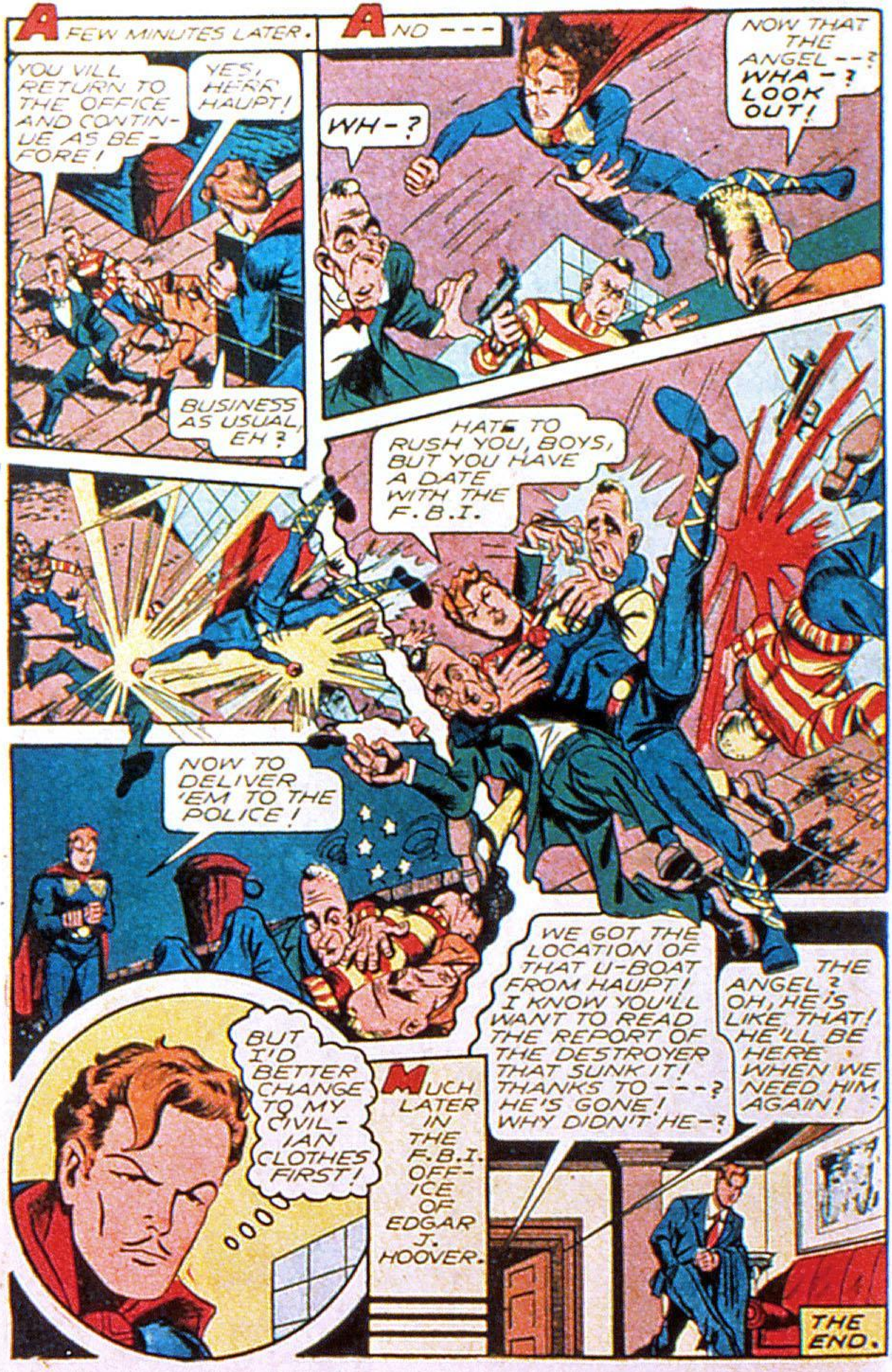

SOMETIME LATER, THE ANGEL ARRIVES AT THE F.B.I. OFFICES . . .
I SEE NOT A REAL SUSPECT SO FAR! WHERE IS THIS OFFICE AND WHAT ARE IT'S DUTIES?
THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING! IT'S JOB IS TO GATHER AND FILE FIGURES ON TROOP MOVEMENTS AND LEND-LEASE SUPPLIES!
YOU CAN UNDERSTAND HOW IMPORTANT THIS INFORMATION CAN BE TO THE ENEMY! THAT'S ALL NOW! I'LL SAY GOOD-BYE AND THE BEST OF LUCK!
THANKS! I'LL START RIGHT NOW!
HMM! NO ONE TO LEAVE WITHOUT A SEARCH! AND THEN AFTER OFFICE HOURS! THE INFORMATION WOULD BE VERY DIFFICULT TO SMUGGLE OUT OF HERE!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, ON THE EIGHTH FLOOR . .
MALE
FEMALE
ALL PERSONS SUBJECT TO SEARCH BEFORE LEAVING FLOOR
TELE-TYPE DEPAR
CAN'T GET IT THRU HERE! EIGHT FLOORS TO THE STREET AND A GUARD OUTSIDE THE BUILDING! HAVE TO FIGURE SOMETHING ELSE OUT!
LEAVING, THE ANGEL WANDERS TO A SMALL PARK OPPOSITE THE BUILDING . .
ERAL BUILDING
FUNNY THAT THOSE PIDGEONS SHOULD ALL FLY UP TO THE FIRST FLOOR!
WHAT'S THAT? OLD SOUR-PUSS FEEDING PIDGEONS? WAIT A BIT! FLY? PIDGEONS? THAT'S IT!
A HOMING PIDGEON! SO, THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE? IT'S EXACTLY 2:30! I'LL BE BACK AT THE SAME TIME TOMORROW! THEN WE'LL SEE!
LDING

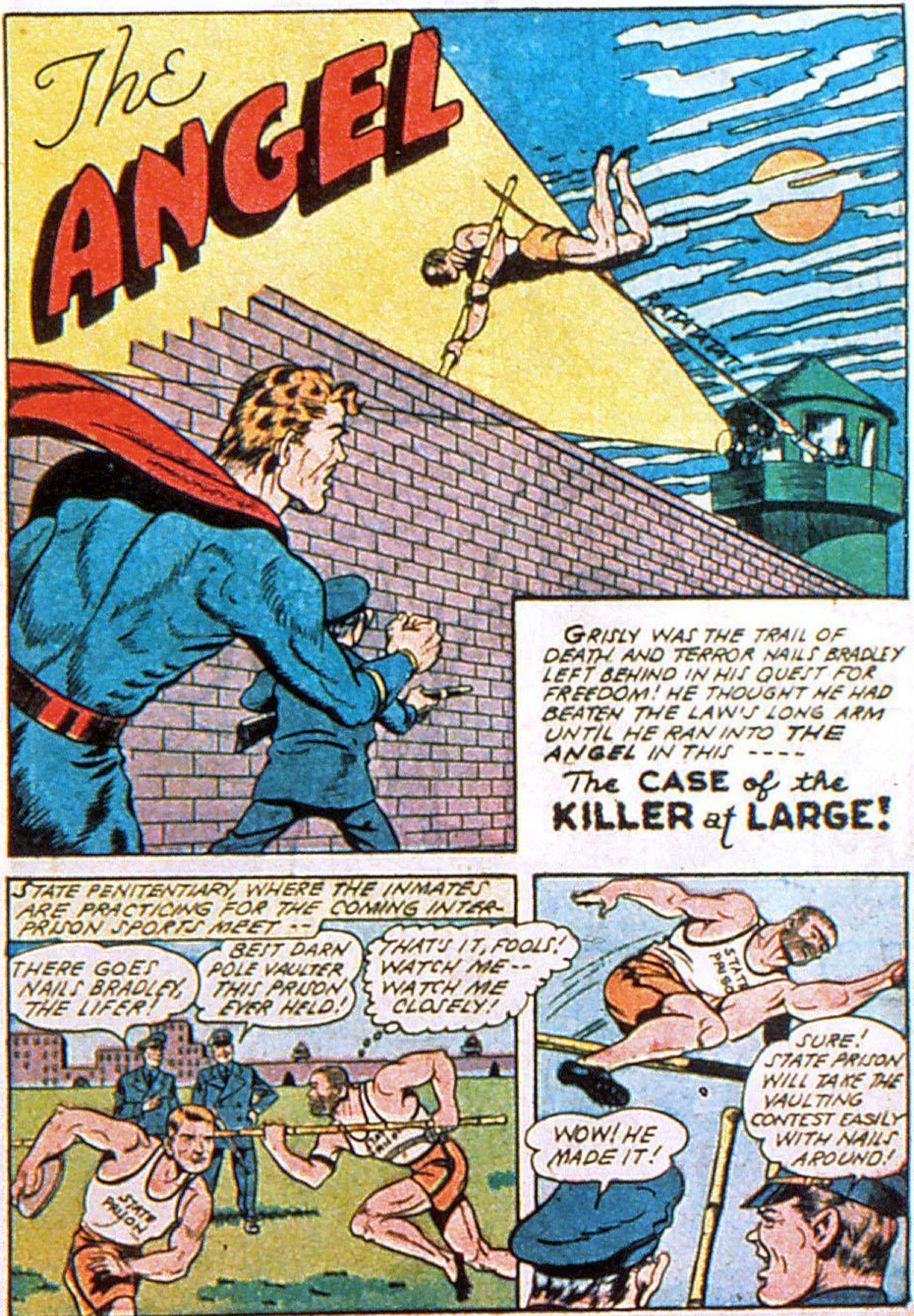

THE NEXT AFTERNOON SEES THE ANGEL WATCHING A REPEAT PERFORMANCE.
FEDERAL BU
IT CHECKS! NOW, TO CATCH HIM WITH THAT MESSAGE!
GOT TO HURRY!
FEDERAL BUILDINGS
MEANWHILE -- ABOVE THE ANGEL
HERR HAUPT WILL PAY ME WELL FOR THIS INFORMATION! IT'LL HOLD BACK THE ALLIED INVASION!
DON'T BE IMPATIENT LITTLE ONE! SOON I'LL RELEASE ---
I'LL TAKE THAT!
THE ANGEL!
SPAT
I GOT IT!
NOW, LET'S SEE MR. NAZI BLANE! HMM! INFORMATION ON A SHIP CARRING RADAR EQUIPMENT TO ENGLAND! LET'S TALK ABOUT IT!
I'VE NOTHING TO SAY!
MR. BLANE
YOU'LL TALK NOW, NAZI!
HERR HAUPT, CHIEF OF NAZI ESPIONAGE HERE! HE RELAYS IT BY RADIO TO A U-BOAT OFF THE COAST!

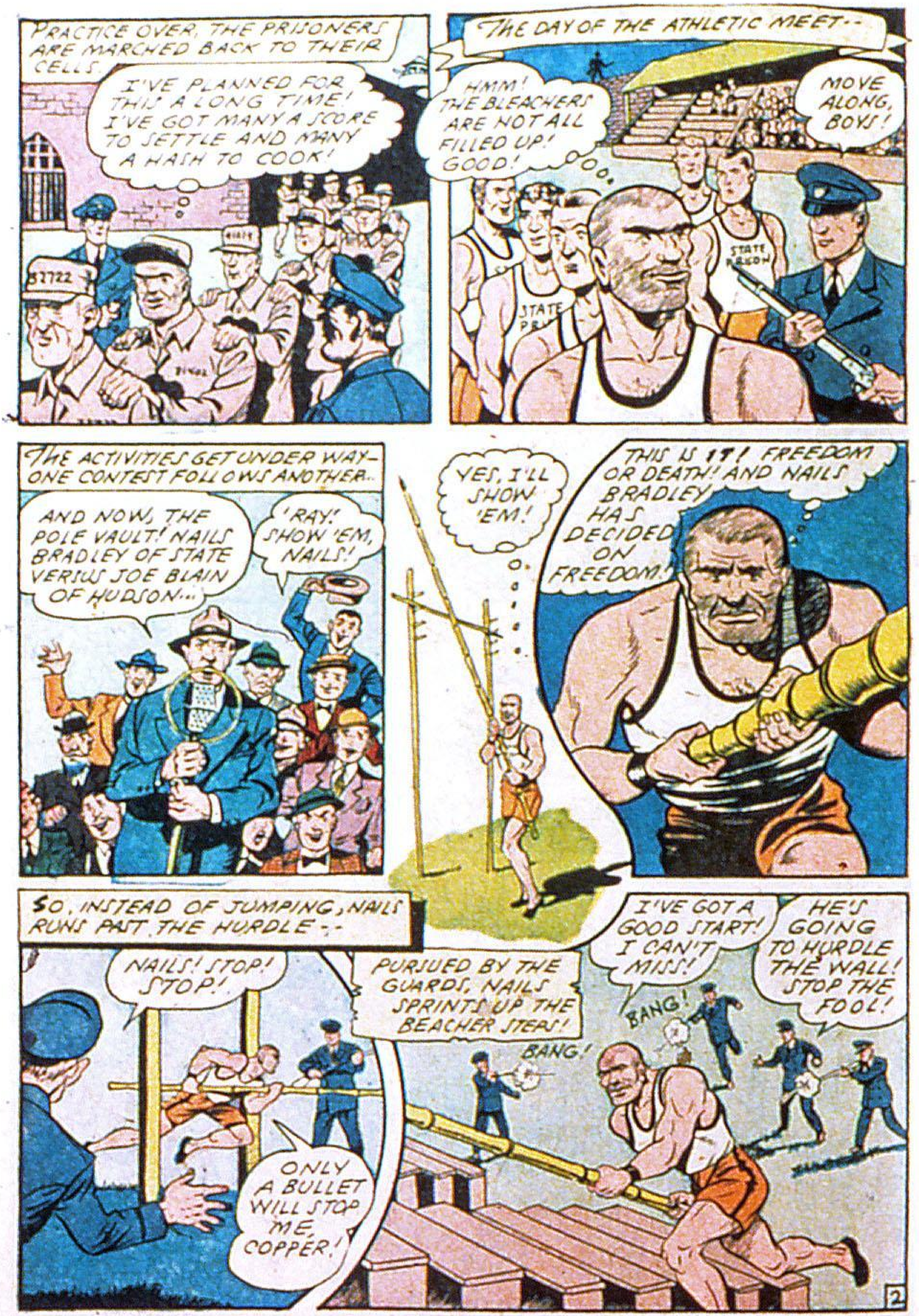

WHERE DOES HE HOLE UP?
SOMEWHERE IN VIRGINIA! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TOWN! MY ONLY CONTACT WITH HIM IS BY PIDGEON!
YOU LIE! THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE! TALK!
I'LL TALK!
I BELIEVE YOU! YOU'RE TOO SCARED TO LIE! SIT DOWN, NOW! YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME MEET YOUR BOSS! WRITE JUST WHAT I TELL YOU!
YES, YES, ANGEL!
A FEW MINUTES LATER..
HOURS LATER, AT A LONELY VIRGINIA FARM-HOUSE...
WHERE IS THE BIRD? IT IS ALMOST TOO LATE TO CONTACT THE U-BOAT!
IT IS LATE TODAY! I DO NOT UNDER--? ACH! THERE IT IS!
VASS ISS?
GUTE! I WILL SEE WHAT HERR BLANE HAS!
I'VE CONTACTED THE U-BOAT, HERR HAUPT! COMMANDER OBERST IS STANDING BY FOR THE ORDER!
HE WRITES HE HAS VITAL INFORMATION HE CAN'T ENTRUST TO THE BIRD! I'M TO MEET HIM ON THE CORNER OF WASHINGTON STREET!
THE F.B.I. PERHAPS!
ACH! THOSE FOOLS! NO, I VILL MEET HIM, BUT NOT ALONE! YOU'LL ALL COME WITH ME IN CASE OF TRICKERY!
WE NAZI'S KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THAT! HA! HA!
5

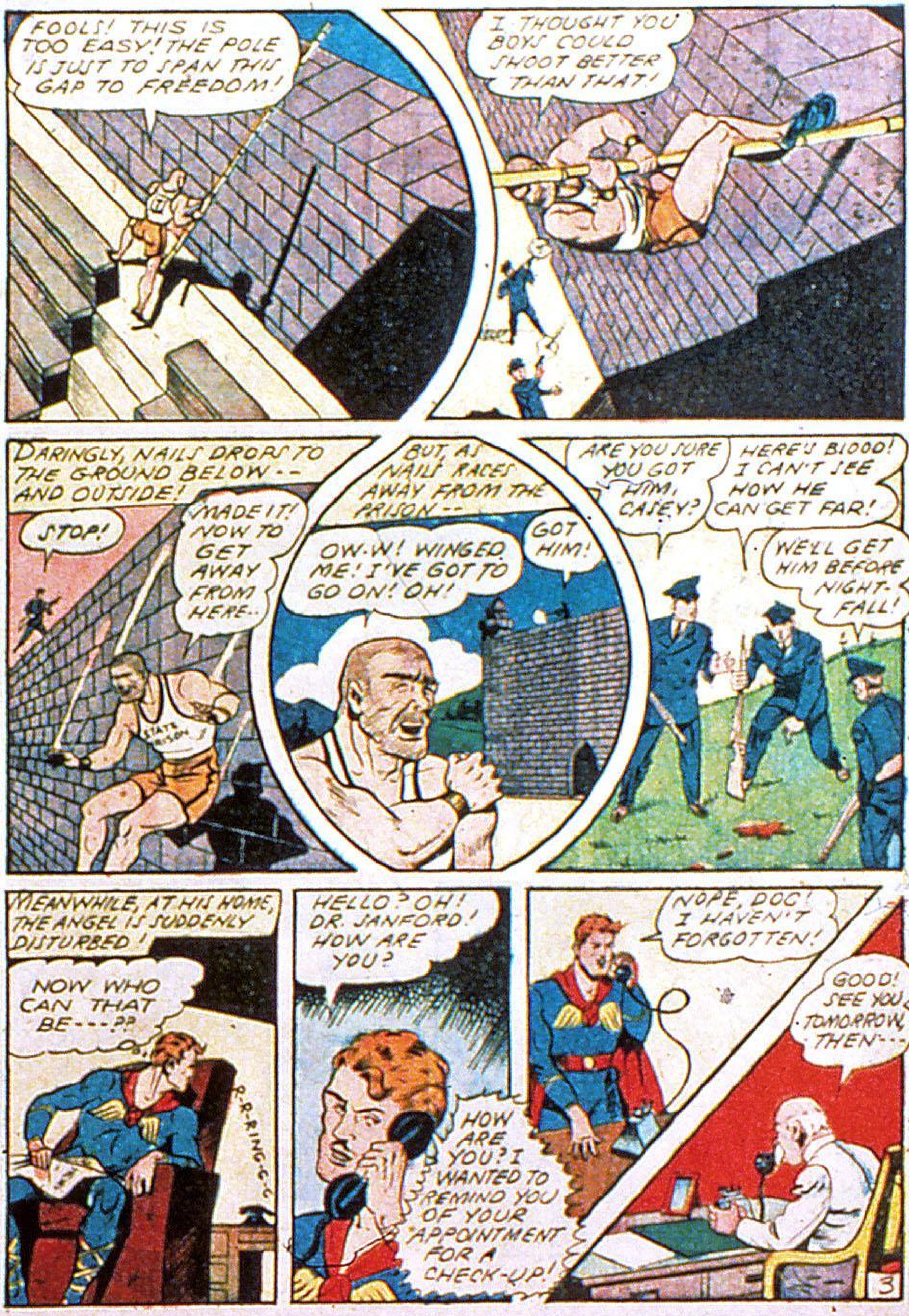

SOMETIME LATER — AT THE APPOINTED PLACE . . .
HE COMES!
2 AVE
WASHINGTON
2
TURN BACK, IT'S A TRA - -!
YOU DOUBLE CROSSING SKUNK!
UF!
THEN . .
OUT OF THE WAY, NAZIS!
I'LL HAVE SOME-THING TO SAY ABOUT THAT!
GET 'IM, FOGEL!
YAH!
HOLD IT, MUGG!
GET THE SWINE!
NOT ME!
THAT VILL MAKE YOU BEHAVE!
GUTE WORK, FOGEL! NOW, KILL HIM! BUT USE A KNIFE, THE GUN IS TOO NOISY!
WAIT! IF THEY FIND HIS BODY, OUR WORK'S FINISHED! BUT IF HE'S JUST MADE TO DISAPPEAR - - - - ?

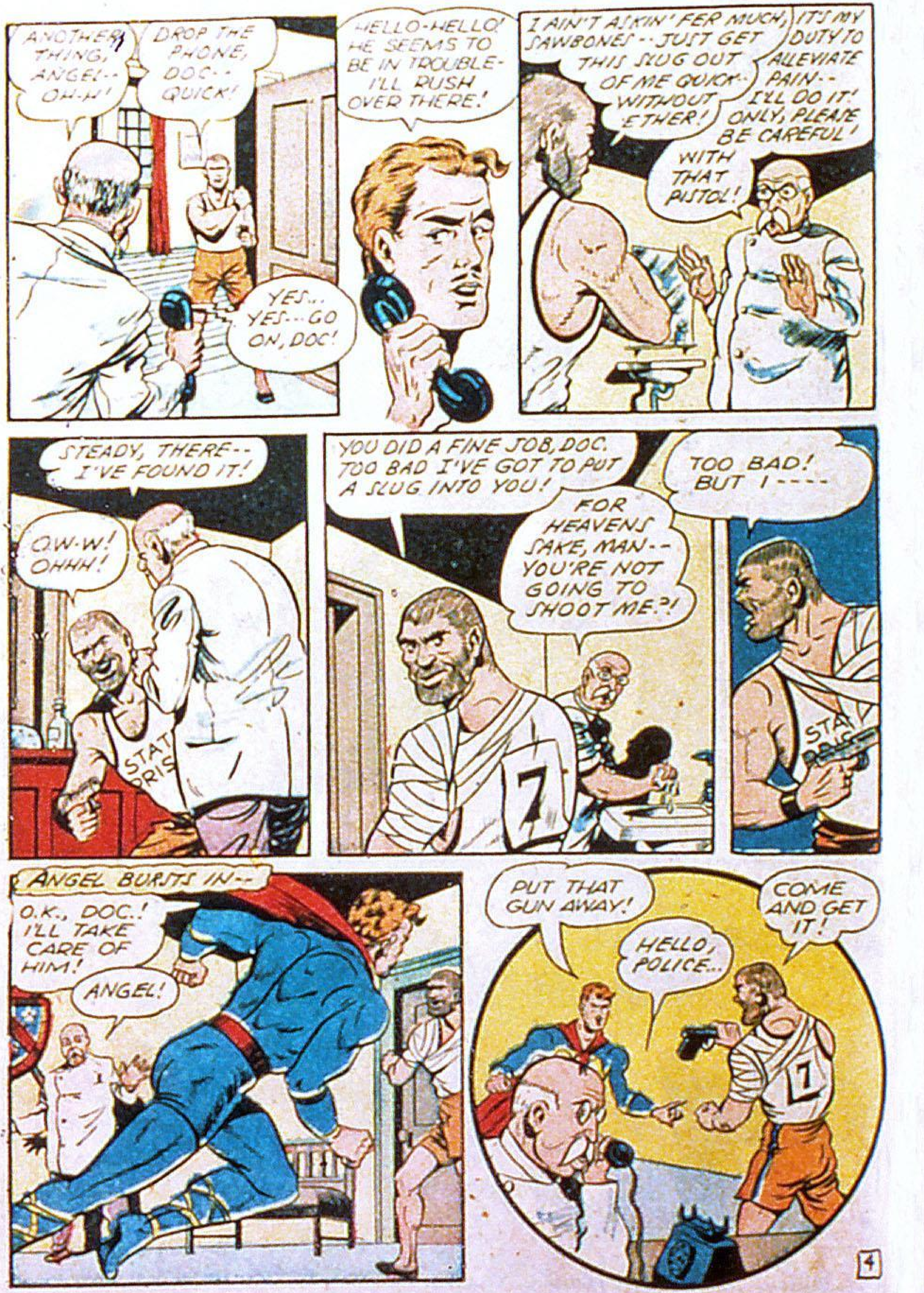

VE CAN CONTINUE! GUTE! TAKE HIM TO THE RIVER! VE VILL SEE TO IT, HE ISN'T FOUND!
IT VILL BE A PLEASURE TO WITNESS THE END OF HIS ACROBATIC CAREER!
ON A DESERTED DOCK BY THE RIVER . .
SHALL VE DUMP HIM? HE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! BUT HOW?
NEIN! VE MUST WAIT 'TILL THE CEMENT DRIES!
HERE'S MY CHANCE, BUT I'M TAKING ONE OF THOSE PIGS WITH ME!
OH, NO YOU DON'T!
VAS? HE'S COMING TO! YOU'D BETTER HIT HIM AGAIN, FOGEL!
YAH!
OHHH!
VERDAMTE PIG! HE TOOK FOGEL WITH HIM!
HE'LL NEVER COME UP! THE CEMENT STICKING TO HIM WILL KEEP HIM ON THE BOTTOM!
DOWN WE GO!
BUT THE ANGEL IS FAR FROM DEAD.
ONE DOWN, FOUR TO GO!
HELP!

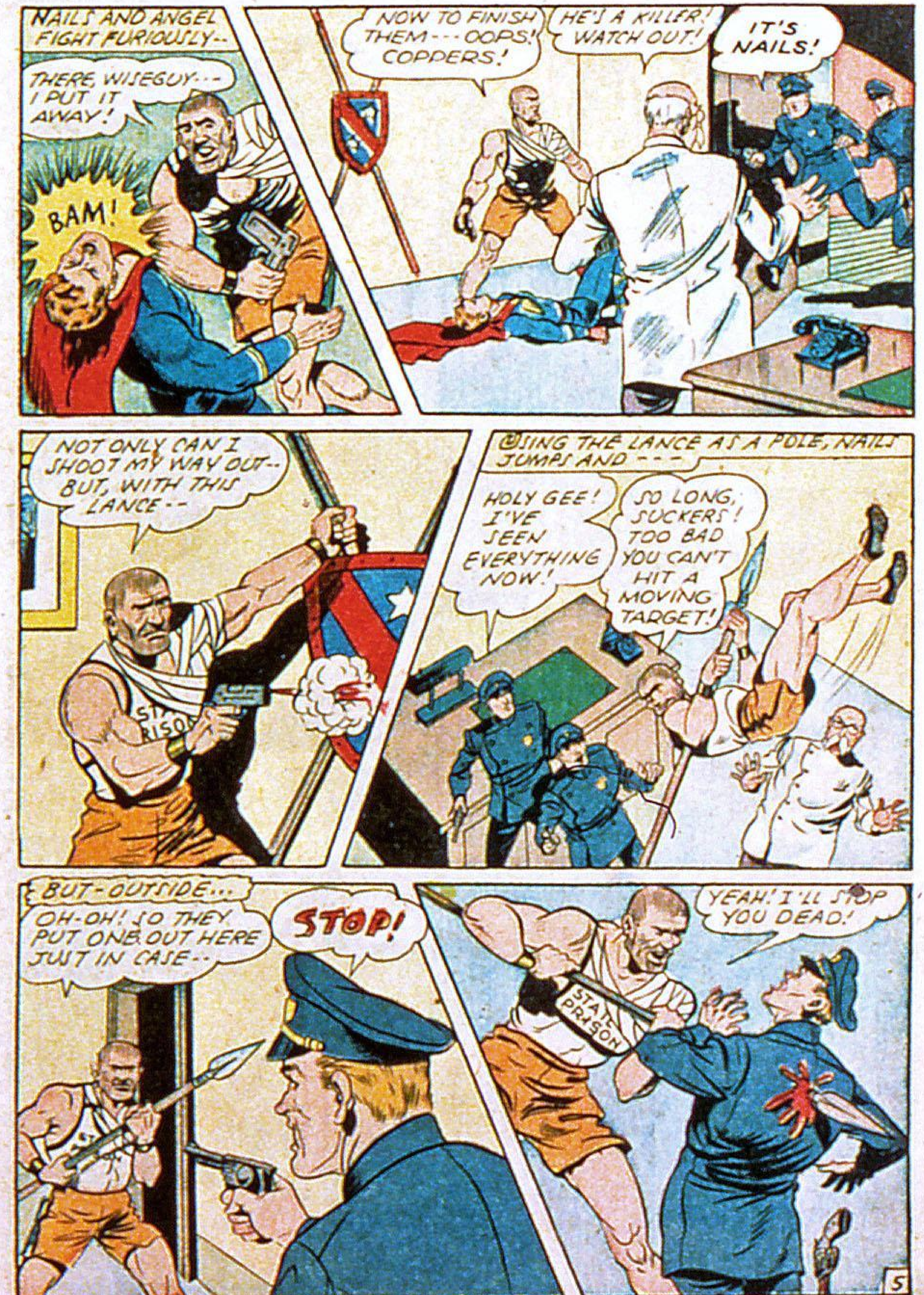

A FEW MINUTES LATER.
YOU VILL RETURN TO THE OFFICE AND CONTINUE AS BEFORE!
YES, HERR HAUPT!
BUSINESS AS USUAL, EH?
AND ---
WH-?
NOW THAT THE ANGEL--? WHA-? LOOK OUT!
HATE TO RUSH YOU, BOYS, BUT YOU HAVE A DATE WITH THE F.B.I.
NOW TO DELIVER 'EM TO THE POLICE!
BUT I'D BETTER CHANGE TO MY CIVILIAN CLOTHES FIRST!
MUCH LATER IN THE F.B.I. OFFICE OF EDGAR J. HOOVER.
WE GOT THE LOCATION OF THAT U-BOAT FROM HAUPT! I KNOW YOU'LL WANT TO READ THE REPORT OF THE DESTROYER THAT SUNK IT! THANKS TO---? HE'S GONE! WHY DIDN'T HE-?
THE ANGEL? OH, HE'S LIKE THAT! HE'LL BE HERE WHEN WE NEED HIM AGAIN!
THE END.

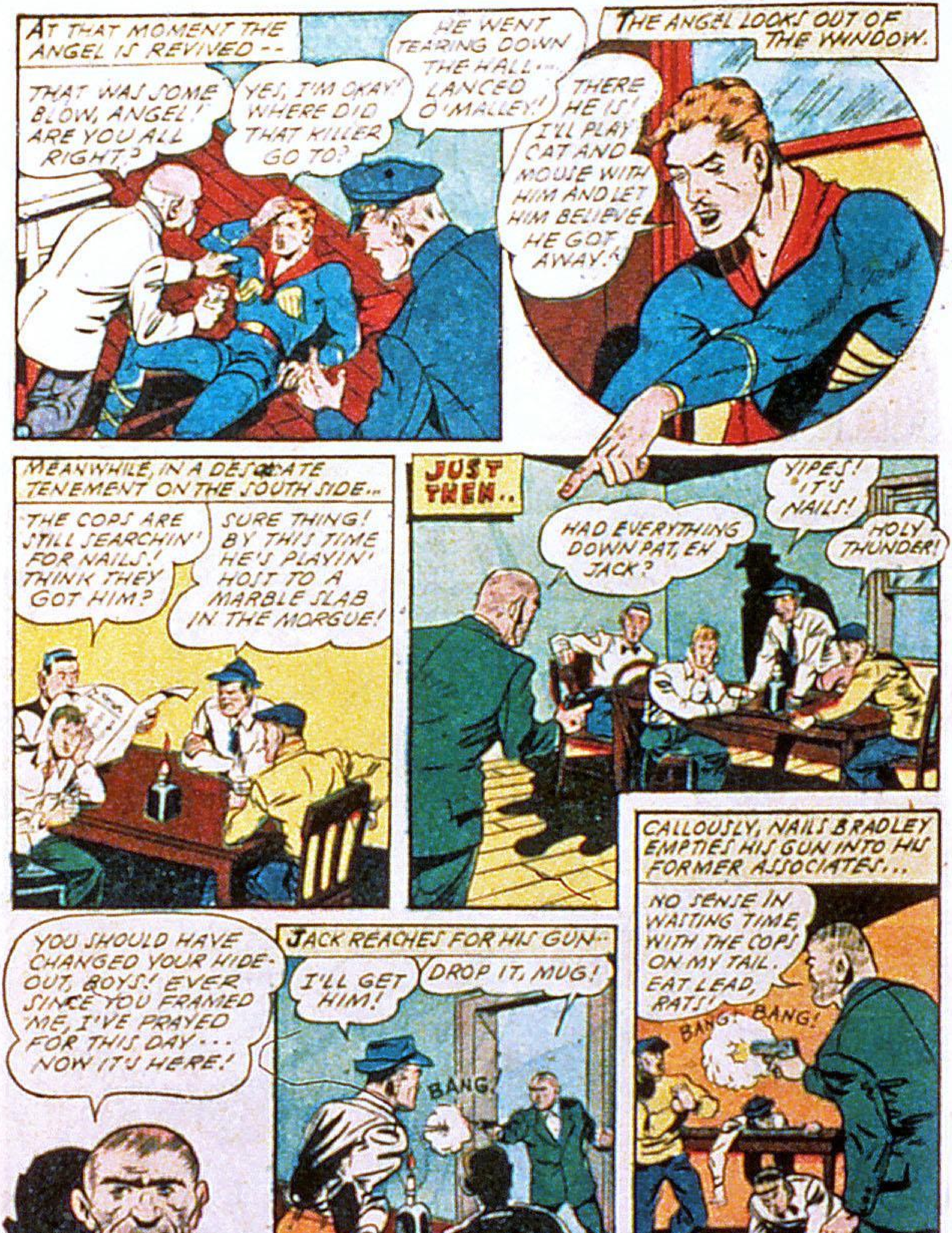

The ANGEL
RATATAT
GRISLY WAS THE TRAIL OF DEATH AND TERROR NAILS BRADLEY LEFT BEHIND IN HIS QUEST FOR FREEDOM! HE THOUGHT HE HAD BEATEN THE LAW'S LONG ARM UNTIL HE RAN INTO THE ANGEL IN THIS ----
The CASE of the KILLER at LARGE!
STATE PENITENTIARY, WHERE THE INMATES ARE PRACTICING FOR THE COMING INTER-PRISON SPORTS MEET --
THERE GOES NAILS BRADLEY, THE LIFER!
BEST DARN POLE VAULTER THIS PRISON EVER HELD!
THAT'S IT, FOOLS! WATCH ME -- WATCH ME CLOSELY!
STATE PRISON
STATE PRISON
WOW! HE MADE IT!
SURE! STATE PRISON WILL TAKE THE VAULTING CONTEST EASILY WITH NAILS AROUND!

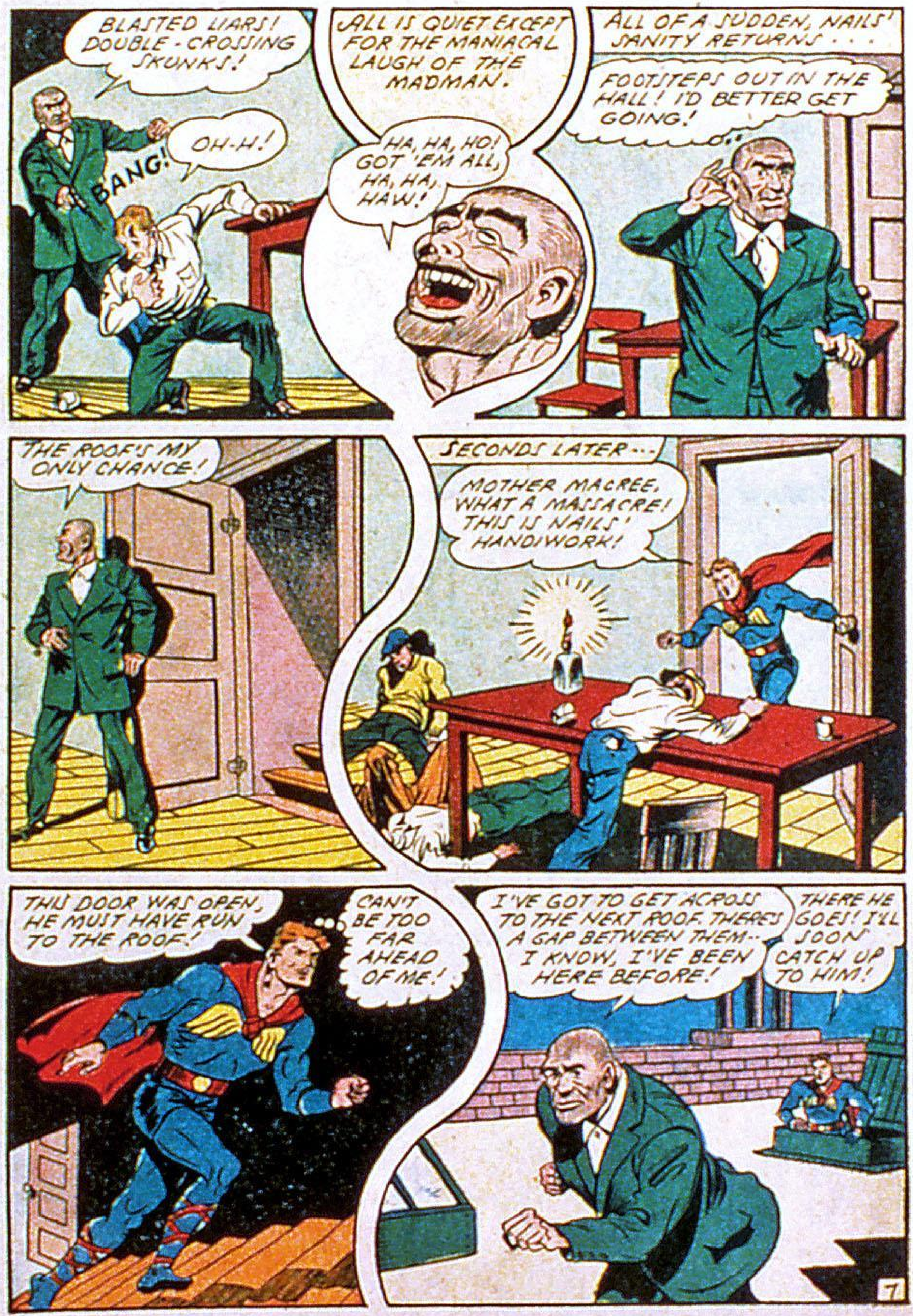

PRACTICE OVER, THE PRISONERS ARE MARCHED BACK TO THEIR CELLS.
I'VE PLANNED FOR THIS A LONG TIME! I'VE GOT MANY A SCORE TO SETTLE AND MANY A HASH TO COOK!
THE DAY OF THE ATHLETIC MEET--
HMM! THE BLEACHERS ARE NOT ALL FILLED UP! GOOD!
MOVE ALONG, BOYS!
STATE PRISON
THE ACTIVITIES GET UNDER WAY-- ONE CONTEST FOLLOWS ANOTHER..
AND NOW, THE POLE VAULT! NAILS BRADLEY OF STATE VERSUS JOE BLAIN OF HUDSON...
'RAY! SHOW 'EM, NAILS!
YES, I'LL SHOW 'EM!
THIS IS IT! FREEDOM OR DEATH! AND NAILS BRADLEY HAS DECIDED ON FREEDOM!
SO, INSTEAD OF JUMPING, NAILS RUNS PAST THE HURDLE--
NAILS! STOP! STOP!
ONLY A BULLET WILL STOP ME, COPPER!
PURSUED BY THE GUARDS, NAILS SPRINTS UP THE BEACHER STEPS!
I'VE GOT A GOOD START! I CAN'T MISS!
HE'S GOING TO HURDLE THE WALL! STOP THE FOOL!
BANG!
BANG!
2

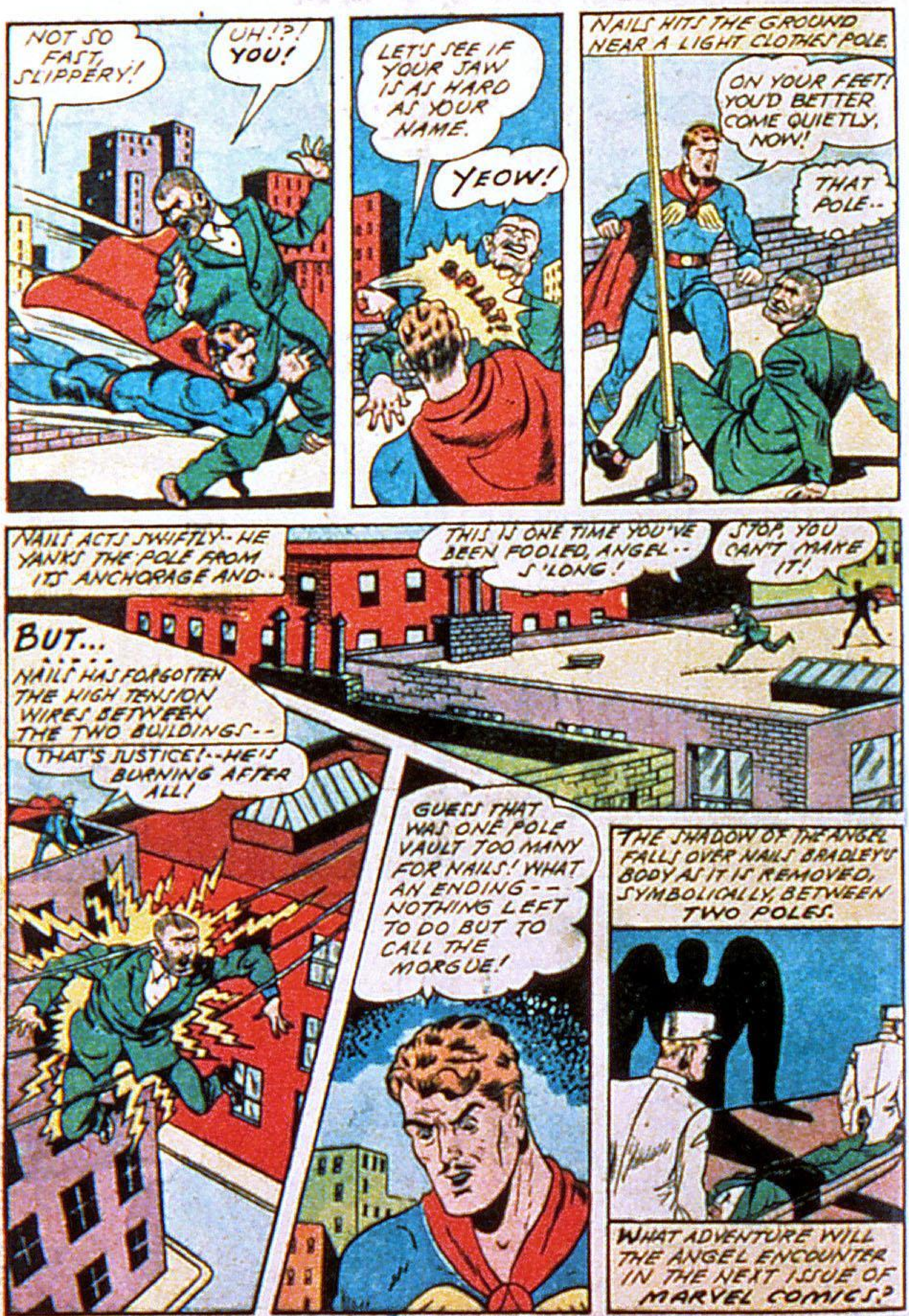

FOOLS! THIS IS TOO EASY! THE POLE IS JUST TO SPAN THIS GAP TO FREEDOM!
I THOUGHT YOU BOYS COULD SHOOT BETTER THAN THAT!
DARINGLY, NAILS DROPS TO THE GROUND BELOW -- AND OUTSIDE!
STOP!
MADE IT! NOW TO GET AWAY FROM HERE..
STATE PRISON
BUT, AS NAILS RACES AWAY FROM THE PRISON --
OW-W! WINGED ME! I'VE GOT TO GO ON! OH!
GOT HIM!
ARE YOU SURE YOU GOT HIM, CASEY?
HERE'S BLOOD! I CAN'T SEE HOW HE CAN GET FAR!
WE'LL GET HIM BEFORE NIGHT-FALL!
MEANWHILE, AT HIS HOME, THE ANGEL IS SUDDENLY DISTURBED!
NOW WHO CAN THAT BE---??
R-R-RING-G-G
HELLO? OH! DR. SANFORD! HOW ARE YOU?
HOW ARE YOU? I WANTED TO REMIND YOU OF YOUR APPOINTMENT FOR A CHECK-UP!
NOPE, DOC! I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN!
GOOD! SEE YOU TOMORROW, THEN---

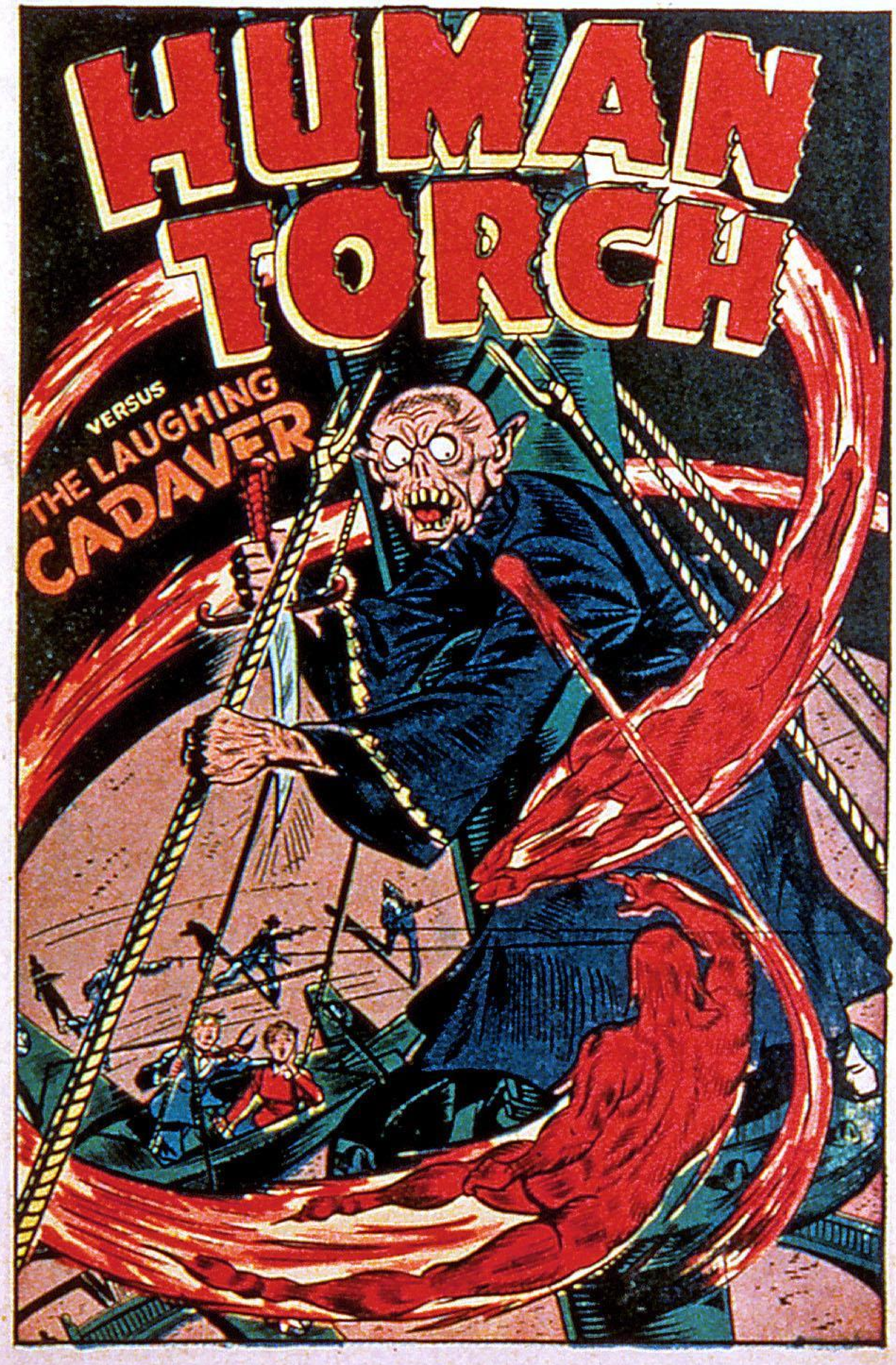

ANOTHER THING, ANGEL-- OH-H!
DROP THE PHONE, DOC-- QUICK!
YES... YES--GO ON, DOC!
HELLO-HELLO! HE SEEMS TO BE IN TROUBLE- I'LL RUSH OVER THERE!
I AIN'T ASKIN' FER MUCH, SAWBONES--JUST GET THIS SLUG OUT OF ME QUICK- WITHOUT ETHER!
IT'S MY DUTY TO ALLEVIATE PAIN-- I'LL DO IT! ONLY, PLEASE BE CAREFUL WITH THAT PISTOL!
STEADY, THERE-- I'VE FOUND IT!
OW-W! OHHH!
STAT PRIS
YOU DID A FINE JOB, DOC. TOO BAD I'VE GOT TO PUT A SLUG INTO YOU!
FOR HEAVENS SAKE, MAN-- YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT ME?!
7
TOO BAD! BUT I----
STAT PRIS
ANGEL BURSTS IN--
O.K., DOC.! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
ANGEL!
PUT THAT GUN AWAY!
HELLO, POLICE...
COME AND GET IT!
7

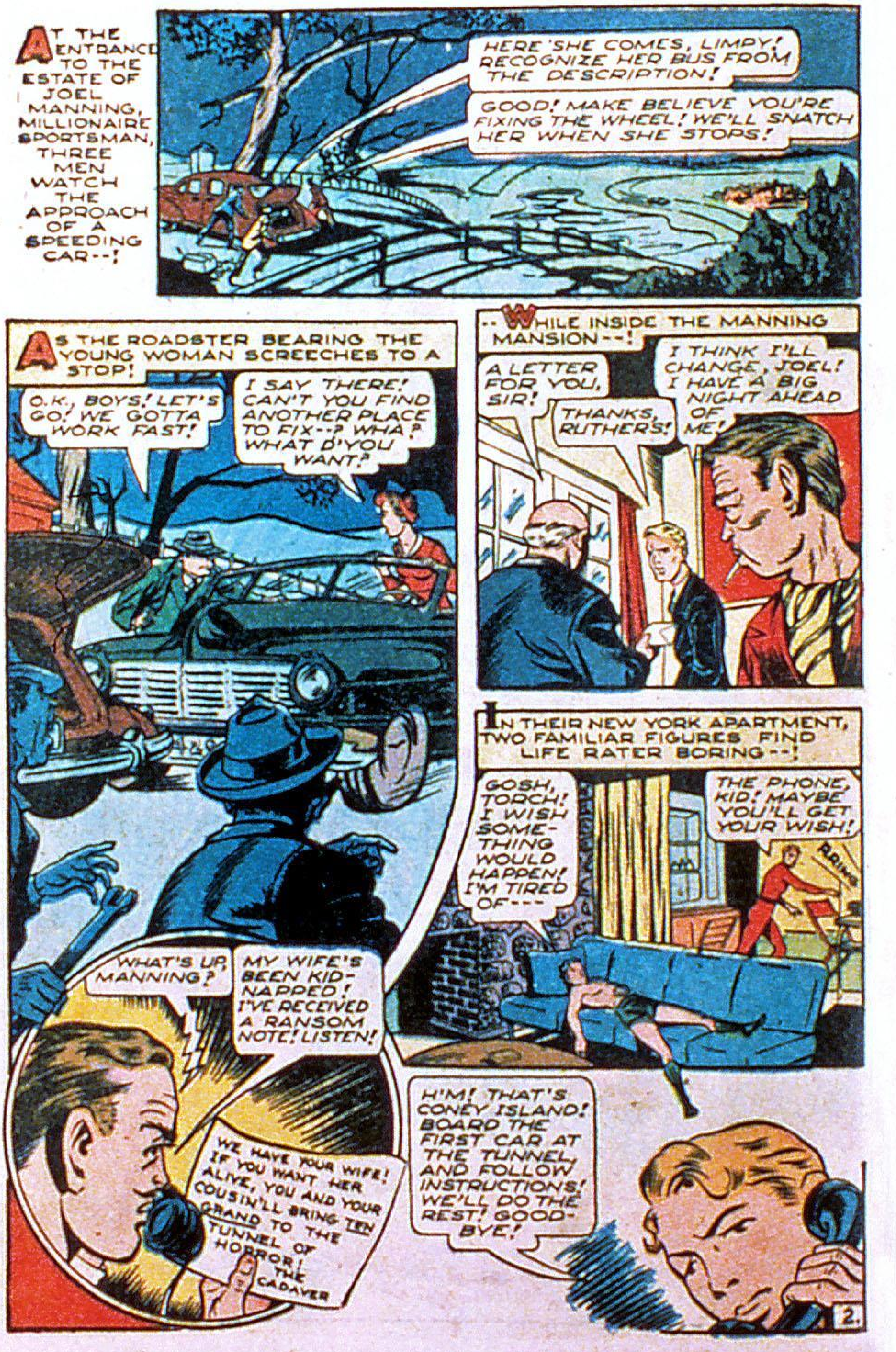

NAILS AND ANGEL FIGHT FURIOUSLY--
THERE, WISEGUY--- I PUT IT AWAY!
BAM!
NOW TO FINISH THEM---OOPS! COPPERS!
HE'S A KILLER! WATCH OUT!
IT'S NAILS!
NOT ONLY CAN I SHOOT MY WAY OUT-- BUT, WITH THIS LANCE--
STA PRISO
USING THE LANCE AS A POLE, NAILS JUMPS AND---
HOLY GEE! I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING NOW!
SO LONG, SUCKERS! TOO BAD YOU CAN'T HIT A MOVING TARGET!
BUT-OUTSIDE...
OH-OH! SO THEY PUT ONE OUT HERE JUST IN CASE--
STOP!
YEAH! I'LL STOP YOU DEAD!
STATE PRISON

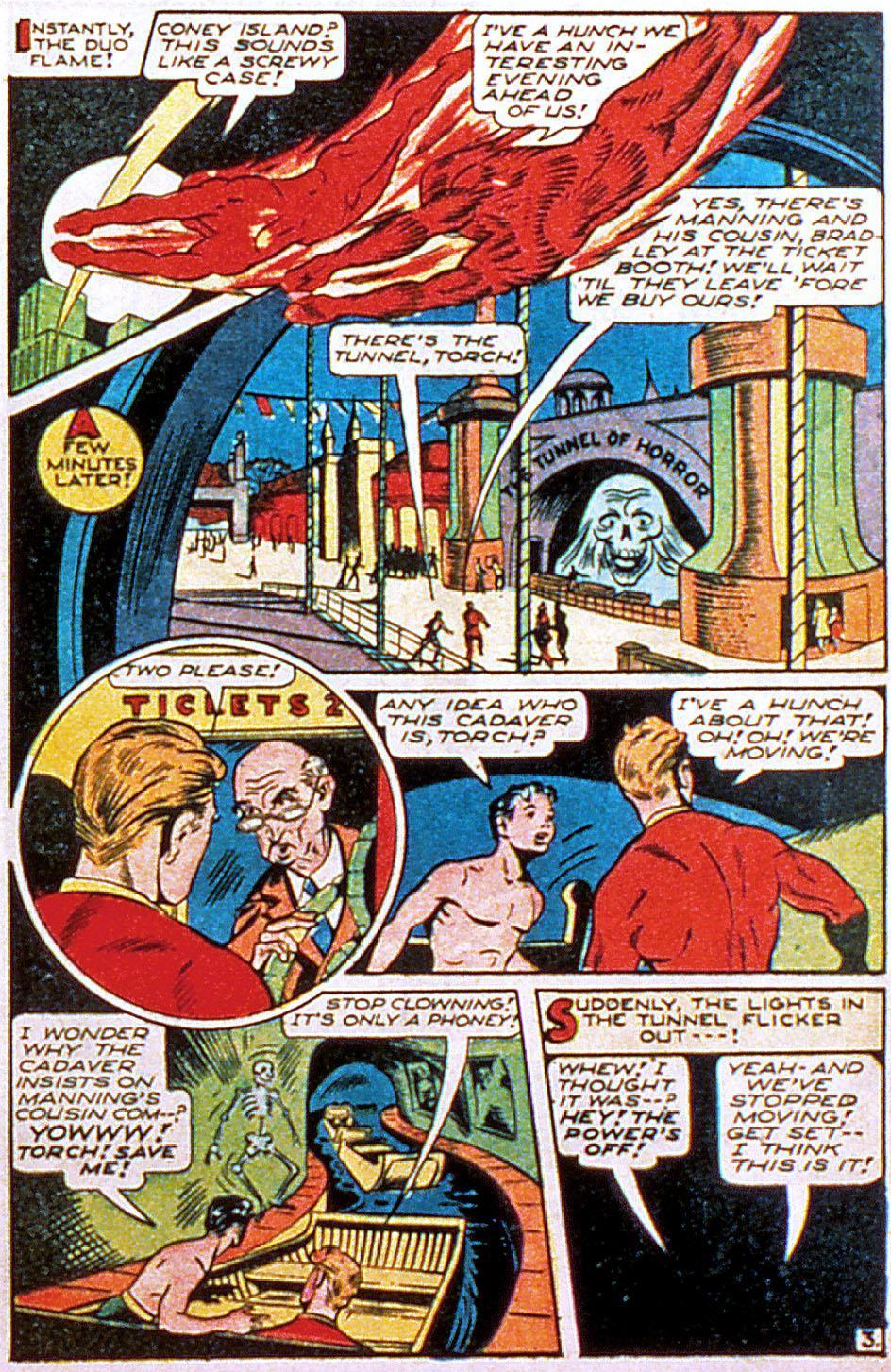

AT THAT MOMENT THE ANGEL IS REVIVED --
THAT WAS SOME BLOW, ANGEL! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES, I'M OKAY! WHERE DID THAT KILLER GO TO?
HE WENT TEARING DOWN THE HALL... LANCED O'MALLEY!
THE ANGEL LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW.
THERE HE IS! I'LL PLAY CAT AND MOUSE WITH HIM AND LET HIM BELIEVE HE GOT AWAY!
MEANWHILE, IN A DESOLATE TENEMENT ON THE SOUTH SIDE...
THE COPS ARE STILL SEARCHIN' FOR NAILS! THINK THEY GOT HIM?
SURE THING! BY THIS TIME HE'S PLAYIN' HOST TO A MARBLE SLAB IN THE MORGUE!
JUST THEN..
HAD EVERYTHING DOWN PAT, EH JACK?
YIPES! IT'S NAILS!
HOLY THUNDER!
YOU SHOULD HAVE CHANGED YOUR HIDE-OUT, BOYS! EVER SINCE YOU FRAMED ME, I'VE PRAYED FOR THIS DAY... NOW IT'S HERE!
JACK REACHES FOR HIS GUN..
I'LL GET HIM!
DROP IT, MUG!
BANG!
CALLOUSLY, NAILS BRADLEY EMPTIES HIS GUN INTO HIS FORMER ASSOCIATES...
NO SENSE IN WASTING TIME, WITH THE COPS ON MY TAIL. EAT LEAD, RATS!
BANG! BANG!

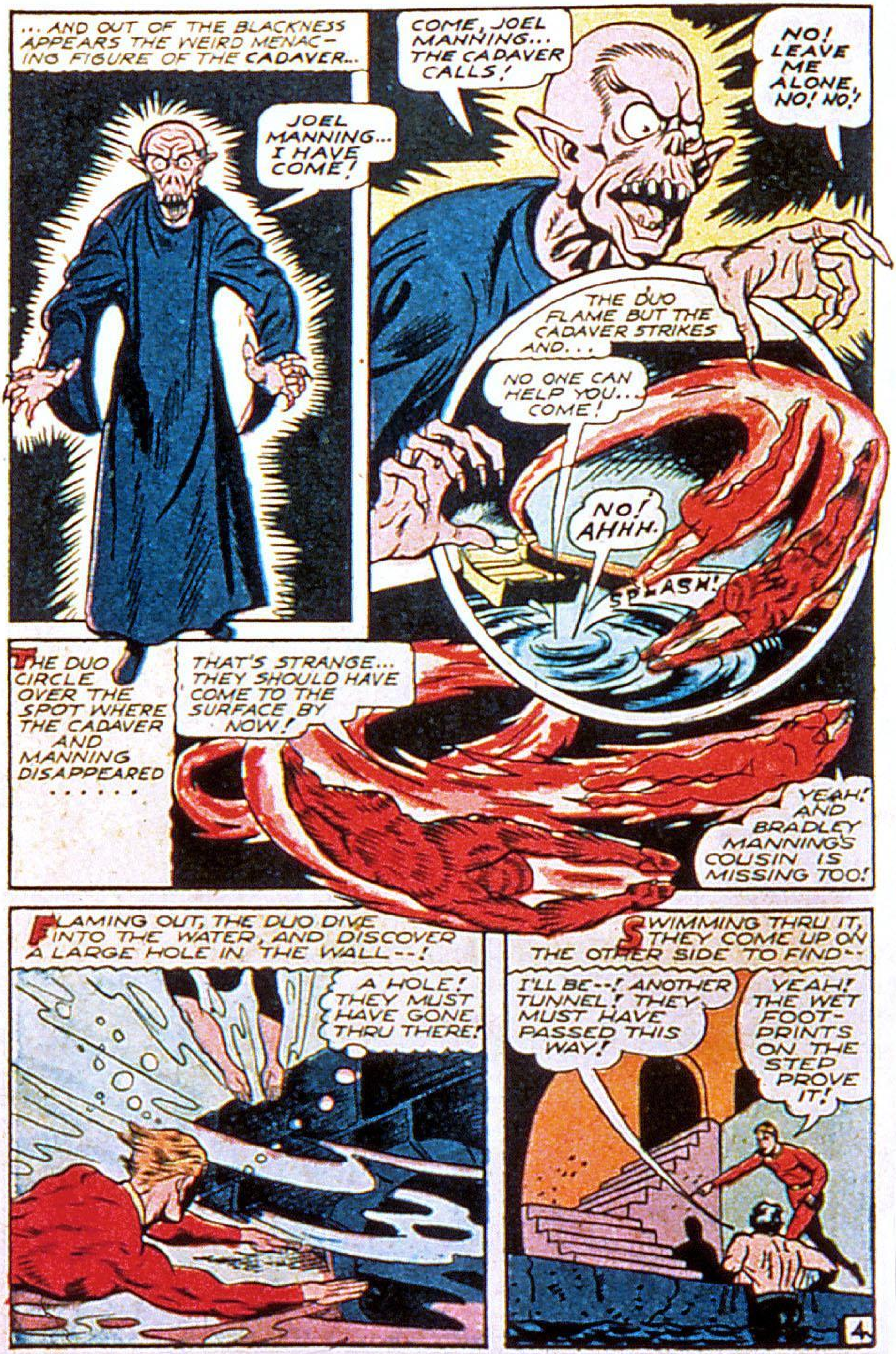

BLASTED LIARS! DOUBLE-CROSSING SKUNKS!
BANG!
OH-H!
ALL IS QUIET EXCEPT FOR THE MANIACAL LAUGH OF THE MADMAN.
HA, HA, HO! GOT 'EM ALL, HA, HA, HAW!
ALL OF A SUDDEN, NAILS' SANITY RETURNS . . .
FOOTSTEPS OUT IN THE HALL! I'D BETTER GET GOING!
THE ROOF'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
SECONDS LATER...
MOTHER MACREE, WHAT A MASSACRE! THIS IS NAILS' HANDIWORK!
THIS DOOR WAS OPEN, HE MUST HAVE RUN TO THE ROOF!
CAN'T BE TOO FAR AHEAD OF ME!
I'VE GOT TO GET ACROSS TO THE NEXT ROOF. THERE'S A GAP BETWEEN THEM... I KNOW, I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE!
THERE HE GOES! I'LL SOON CATCH UP TO HIM!

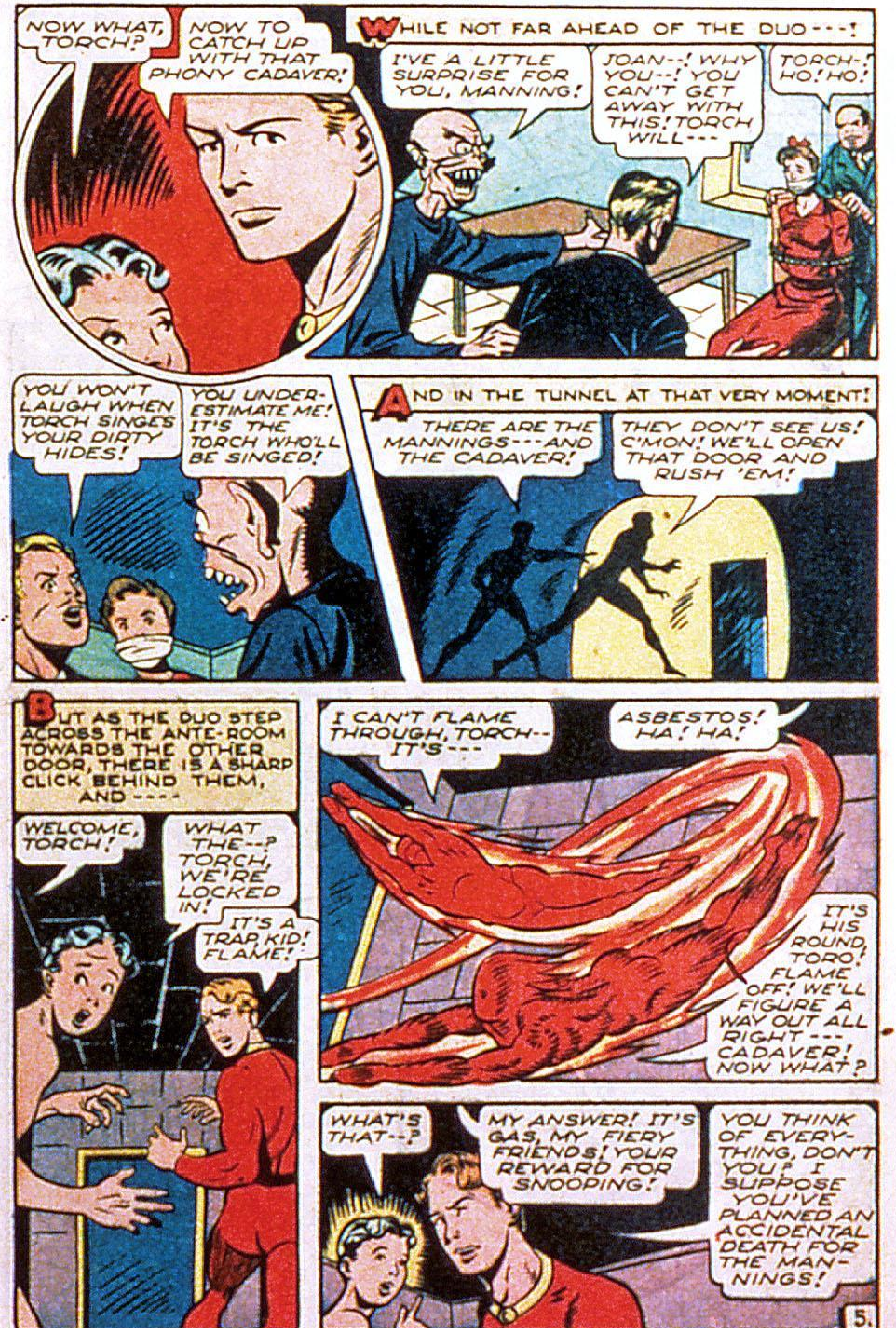

NOT SO FAST, SLIPPERY!
UH!?! YOU!
LET'S SEE IF YOUR JAW IS AS HARD AS YOUR NAME.
YEOW!
SPLAT!
NAILS HITS THE GROUND NEAR A LIGHT CLOTHES POLE.
ON YOUR FEET! YOU'D BETTER COME QUIETLY, NOW!
THAT POLE--
NAILS ACTS SWIFTLY-- HE YANKS THE POLE FROM ITS ANCHORAGE AND--
THIS IS ONE TIME YOU'VE BEEN FOOLED, ANGEL-- S'LONG!
STOP, YOU CAN'T MAKE IT!
BUT... NAILS HAS FORGOTTEN THE HIGH TENSION WIRES BETWEEN THE TWO BUILDINGS--
THAT'S JUSTICE!--HE'S BURNING AFTER ALL!
GUESS THAT WAS ONE POLE VAULT TOO MANY FOR NAILS! WHAT AN ENDING-- NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT TO CALL THE MORGUE!
THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL FALLS OVER NAILS BRADLEY'S BODY AS IT IS REMOVED, SYMBOLICALLY, BETWEEN TWO POLES.
WHAT ADVENTURE WILL THE ANGEL ENCOUNTER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS?

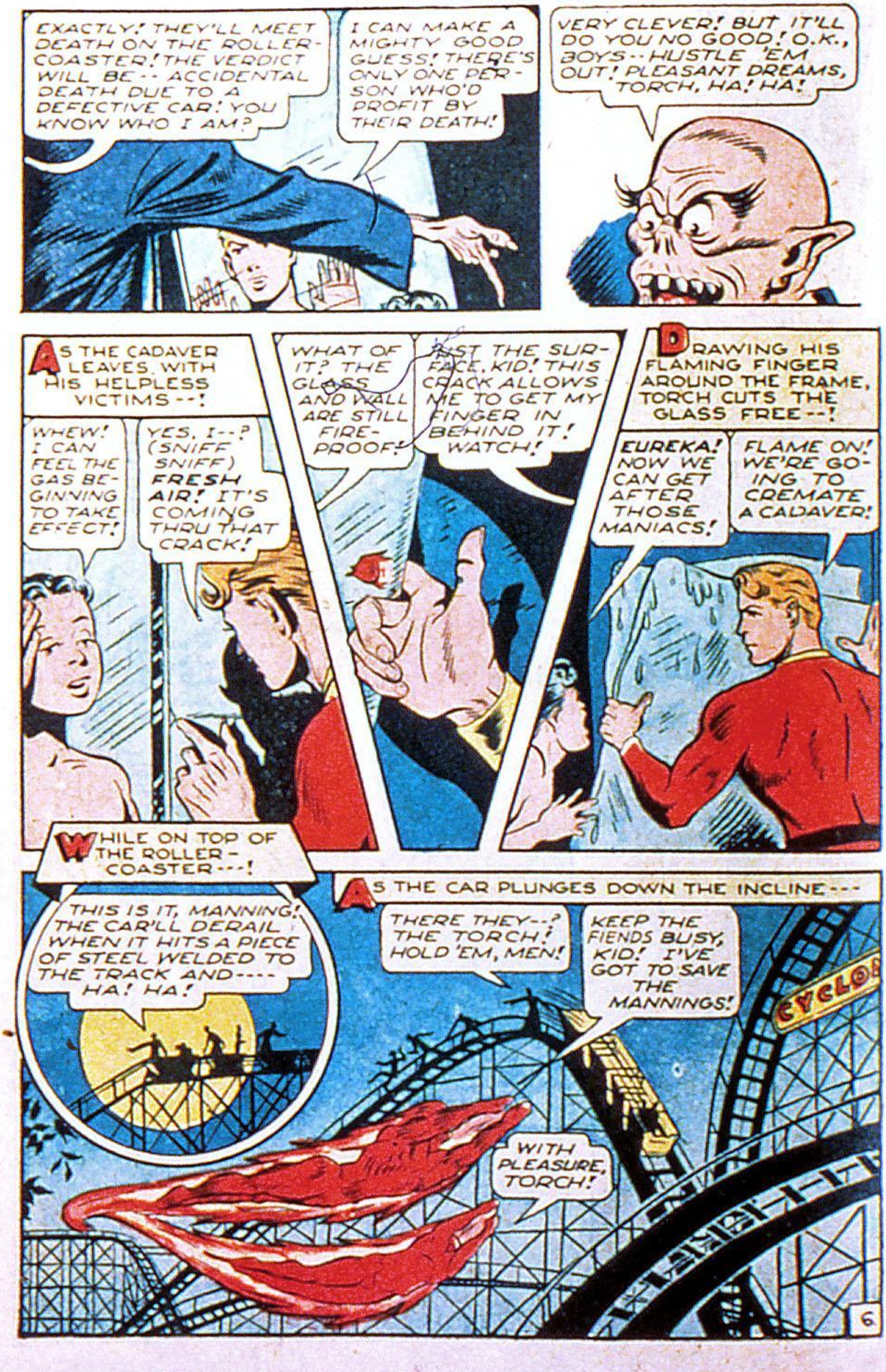

HUMAN TORCH
VERSUS
THE LAUGHING CADAVER

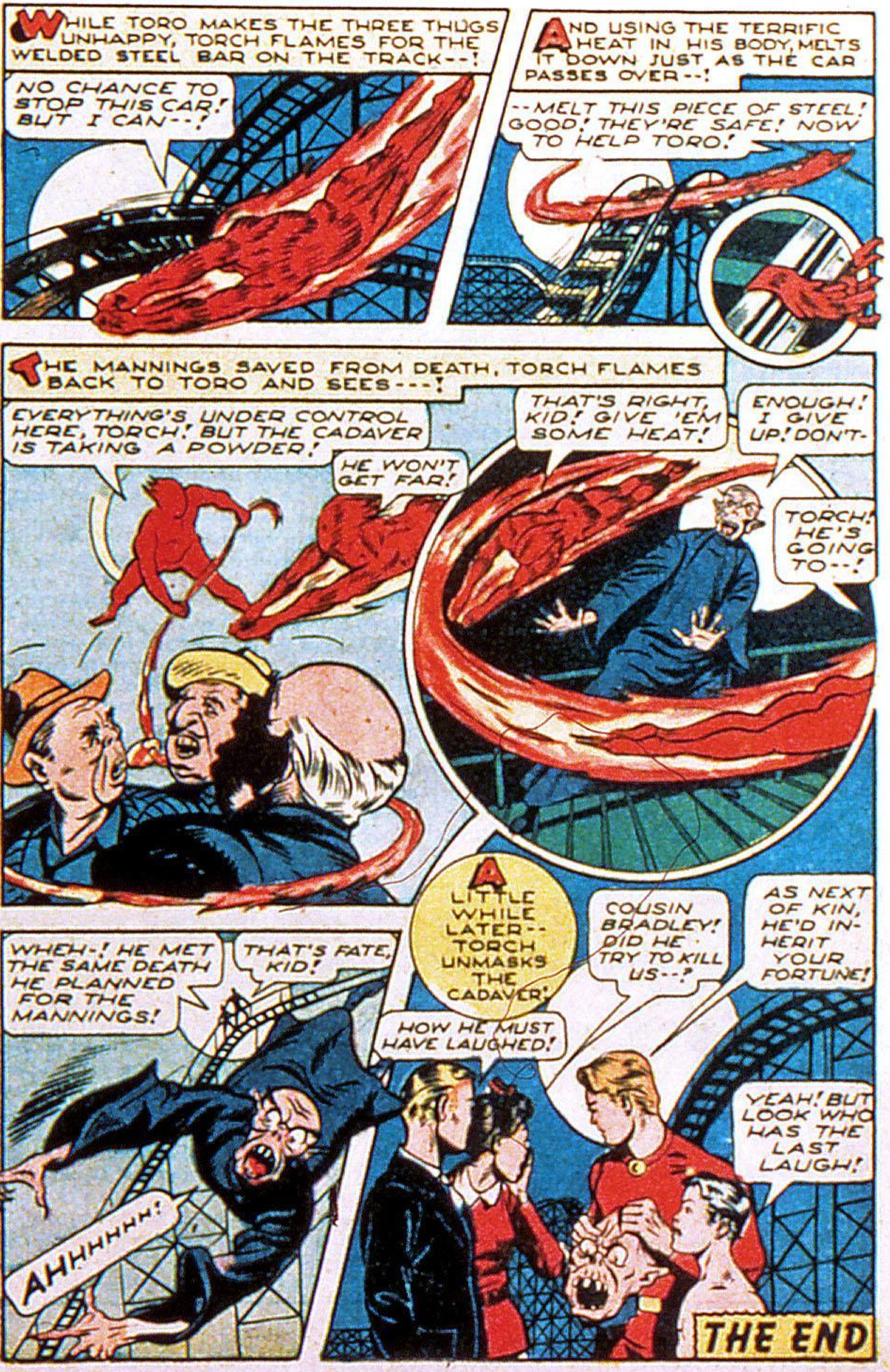

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ESTATE OF JOEL MANNING, MILLIONAIRE SPORTSMAN, THREE MEN WATCH THE APPROACH OF A SPEEDING CAR--!
HERE'SHE COMES, LIMPY! RECOGNIZE HER BUS FROM THE DESCRIPTION!
GOOD! MAKE BELIEVE YOU'RE FIXING THE WHEEL! WE'LL SNATCH HER WHEN SHE STOPS!
AS THE ROADSTER BEARING THE YOUNG WOMAN SCREECHES TO A STOP!
O.K., BOYS! LET'S GO! WE GOTTA WORK FAST!
I SAY THERE! CAN'T YOU FIND ANOTHER PLACE TO FIX--? WHA? WHAT D'YOU WANT?
-- WHILE INSIDE THE MANNING MANSION--!
A LETTER FOR YOU, SIR!
THANKS, RUTHERS!
I THINK I'LL CHANGE, JOEL! I HAVE A BIG NIGHT AHEAD OF ME!
IN THEIR NEW YORK APARTMENT, TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES FIND LIFE RATER BORING--!
GOSH, TORCH! I WISH SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN! I'M TIRED OF---
THE PHONE, KID! MAYBE YOU'LL GET YOUR WISH!
RRING
WHAT'S UP, MANNING?
MY WIFE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED! I'VE RECEIVED A RANSOM NOTE! LISTEN!
WE HAVE YOUR WIFE! IF YOU WANT HER ALIVE, YOU AND YOUR COUSIN'LL BRING TEN GRAND TO THE TUNNEL OF HORROR! THE CADAVER
H'M! THAT'S CONEY ISLAND! BOARD THE FIRST CAR AT THE TUNNEL AND FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS! WE'LL DO THE REST! GOOD-BYE!


INSTANTLY, THE DUO FLAME!
CONEY ISLAND? THIS SOUNDS LIKE A SCREWY CASE!
I'VE A HUNCH WE HAVE AN INTERESTING EVENING AHEAD OF US!
A FEW MINUTES LATER!
THERE'S THE TUNNEL, TORCH!
YES, THERE'S MANNING AND HIS COUSIN, BRADLEY AT THE TICKET BOOTH! WE'LL WAIT 'TIL THEY LEAVE 'FORE WE BUY OURS!
THE TUNNEL OF HORROR
TWO PLEASE!
TICKETS 2
ANY IDEA WHO THIS CADAVER IS, TORCH?
I'VE A HUNCH ABOUT THAT! OH! OH! WE'RE MOVING!
I WONDER WHY THE CADAVER INSISTS ON MANNING'S COUSIN COM--? YOWWW! TORCH! SAVE ME!
STOP CLOWNING! IT'S ONLY A PHONEY!
SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS IN THE TUNNEL FLICKER OUT---!
WHEW! I THOUGHT IT WAS--? HEY! THE POWER'S OFF!
YEAH-AND WE'VE STOPPED MOVING! GET SET--I THINK THIS IS IT!


... AND OUT OF THE BLACKNESS APPEARS THE WEIRD MENACING FIGURE OF THE CADAVER...
JOEL MANNING... I HAVE COME!
COME, JOEL MANNING... THE CADAVER CALLS!
NO! LEAVE ME ALONE, NO! NO!
THE DUO FLAME BUT THE CADAVER STRIKES AND...
NO ONE CAN HELP YOU... COME!
NO! AHHH.
SPLASH!
THE DUO CIRCLE OVER THE SPOT WHERE THE CADAVER AND MANNING DISAPPEARED......
THAT'S STRANGE... THEY SHOULD HAVE COME TO THE SURFACE BY NOW!
YEAH! AND BRADLEY MANNING'S COUSIN IS MISSING TOO!
FLAMING OUT, THE DUO DIVE INTO THE WATER, AND DISCOVER A LARGE HOLE IN THE WALL--!
A HOLE! THEY MUST HAVE GONE THRU THERE!
SWIMMING THRU IT, THEY COME UP ON THE OTHER SIDE TO FIND--
I'LL BE--! ANOTHER TUNNEL! THEY MUST HAVE PASSED THIS WAY!
YEAH! THE WET FOOT-PRINTS ON THE STEP PROVE IT!


NOW WHAT, TORCH?
NOW TO CATCH UP WITH THAT PHONY CADAVER!
WHILE NOT FAR AHEAD OF THE DUO---!
I'VE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU, MANNING!
JOAN--! WHY YOU--! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! TORCH WILL---
TORCH-! HO! HO!
YOU WON'T LAUGH WHEN TORCH SINGES YOUR DIRTY HIDES!
YOU UNDERESTIMATE ME! IT'S THE TORCH WHO'LL BE SINGED!
AND IN THE TUNNEL AT THAT VERY MOMENT!
THERE ARE THE MANNINGS---AND THE CADAVER!
THEY DON'T SEE US! C'MON! WE'LL OPEN THAT DOOR AND RUSH 'EM!
BUT AS THE DUO STEP ACROSS THE ANTE-ROOM TOWARDS THE OTHER DOOR, THERE IS A SHARP CLICK BEHIND THEM, AND----
WELCOME, TORCH!
WHAT THE--? TORCH, WE'RE LOCKED IN!
IT'S A TRAP, KID! FLAME!
I CAN'T FLAME THROUGH, TORCH-- IT'S---
ASBESTOS! HA! HA!
IT'S HIS ROUND, TORO! FLAME OFF! WE'LL FIGURE A WAY OUT ALL RIGHT--- CADAVER! NOW WHAT?
WHAT'S THAT--?
MY ANSWER! IT'S GAS, MY FIERY FRIENDS! YOUR REWARD FOR SNOOPING!
YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING, DON'T YOU? I SUPPOSE YOU'VE PLANNED AN ACCIDENTAL DEATH FOR THE MANNINGS!


EXACTLY! THEY'LL MEET DEATH ON THE ROLLER-COASTER! THE VERDICT WILL BE -- ACCIDENTAL DEATH DUE TO A DEFECTIVE CAR! YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
I CAN MAKE A MIGHTY GOOD GUESS! THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WHO'D PROFIT BY THEIR DEATH!
VERY CLEVER! BUT IT'LL DO YOU NO GOOD! O.K., BOYS--HUSTLE 'EM OUT! PLEASANT DREAMS, TORCH, HA! HA!
AS THE CADAVER LEAVES WITH HIS HELPLESS VICTIMS--!
WHEW! I CAN FEEL THE GAS BEGINNING TO TAKE EFFECT!
YES, I--? (SNIFF SNIFF) FRESH AIR! IT'S COMING THRU THAT CRACK!
WHAT OF IT? THE GLASS AND WALL ARE STILL FIRE-PROOF!
JUST THE SURFACE, KID! THIS CRACK ALLOWS ME TO GET MY FINGER IN BEHIND IT! WATCH!
DRAWING HIS FLAMING FINGER AROUND THE FRAME, TORCH CUTS THE GLASS FREE--!
EUREKA! NOW WE CAN GET AFTER THOSE MANIACS!
FLAME ON! WE'RE GOING TO CREMATE A CADAVER!
WHILE ON TOP OF THE ROLLER-COASTER---!
THIS IS IT, MANNING! THE CAR'LL DERAIL WHEN IT HITS A PIECE OF STEEL WELDED TO THE TRACK AND---- HA! HA!
AS THE CAR PLUNGES DOWN THE INCLINE---
THERE THEY--? THE TORCH! HOLD 'EM, MEN!
KEEP THE FIENDS BUSY, KID! I'VE GOT TO SAVE THE MANNINGS!
CYCLO
WITH PLEASURE, TORCH!


WHILE TORO MAKES THE THREE THUGS UNHAPPY, TORCH FLAMES FOR THE WELDED STEEL BAR ON THE TRACK--!
NO CHANCE TO STOP THIS CAR! BUT I CAN--!
AND USING THE TERRIFIC HEAT IN HIS BODY, MELTS IT DOWN JUST AS THE CAR PASSES OVER--!
--MELT THIS PIECE OF STEEL! GOOD! THEY'RE SAFE! NOW TO HELP TORO!
THE MANNINGS SAVED FROM DEATH, TORCH FLAMES BACK TO TORO AND SEES---!
EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL HERE, TORCH! BUT THE CADAVER IS TAKING A POWDER!
HE WON'T GET FAR!
THAT'S RIGHT, KID! GIVE 'EM SOME HEAT!
ENOUGH! I GIVE UP! DON'T-
TORCH! HE'S GOING TO--!
WHEH-! HE MET THE SAME DEATH HE PLANNED FOR THE MANNINGS!
THAT'S FATE, KID!
AHHHHHH!
A LITTLE WHILE LATER--TORCH UNMASKS THE CADAVER!
COUSIN BRADLEY! DID HE TRY TO KILL US--?
AS NEXT OF KIN, HE'D INHERIT YOUR FORTUNE!
HOW HE MUST HAVE LAUGHED!
YEAH! BUT LOOK WHO HAS THE LAST LAUGH!
THE END

A FOOT OF LUCK

THE heavy breathing of the winch, the rattle of cabling filled the hot afternoon air, as supplies were loaded into the hold of the big cargo vessel. Paul mopped sweat and grime off his forehead as Steve came toward him across the deck.

"Hot," Steve growled. "If it gets much worse we'll melt."

"Take your shirt off," Paul said. "Chump. Nobody's going to swipe it, unless they're after that rabbit's foot you cart around with you for protection." Paul chuckled. "Boy, where you get those ideas—"

"There you go," Steve snapped. "Again! Won't you ever get tired of ribbing me about that? What's the difference to you? Just because I feel like carrying that around with me—"

"To remember a pet rabbit back home, huh?"

"No, not to remember a pet rabbit. It's just . . . aw, nuts! Here, I'll hang it up if it'll please you."

Reluctantly Steve shed his shirt, hung it up beside Paul's. He stood eyeing it dubiously for a second, then turned his back uneasily. Paul snorted. "Come on, superstition. Let's take a look at that forward hold. By evening we should be loaded."

They walked forward through the maze of gear and cases, reached the forward hold into which the lighter was swinging cases, war goods for the States. Paul stared down into the gaping hole opening into the deck of the ship, where brown-skinned stevedores were swiftly storing the materials.

A sudden puff of smoke down in the hold temporarily obscured the workers and cases. A sharp cry came out as flames flicked up through the smoke.

"Hey!" Steve yelled. "Fire—"

* * * * *

INSTANTLY, the clamor of voices rose on the hot air. Somewhere a bell rang and Paul whirled and plunged toward the fire apparatus. Deck hands raced past him, sweating bodies gleaming in the hard sunlight. Smoke tinged the air, boiling up now out of the hold. Flame curled up in an angry, quivering tongue, withdrew into the gaping maw of the ship.

Luckily, Paul realized later, they had the flames under control before any serious damage had been done. He remembered the way it had gone off, while he and Steve had been standing right there at the edge of the hold. It hadn't been an accident, Paul told himself. No, sir. It had been sabotage, something planted down there among the crates—a time bomb set to go off and destroy the entire ship.

Paul slid the shirt around his shoulders and made his way back to the rear gangplank. A guard was stationed there.

"It's okay," Paul told him. "Orders of the captain. I'm going ashore to check something."

He reached the dock and moved along it toward the street. Already the crowd of workers was breaking up, picking up their work where they had dropped it. Paul wasn't interested in them. His keen grey eyes touched each and every face fleetingly. He wasn't sure just what he was looking for, or expected to see upon any of the faces. It was like the proverbial needle in the haystack. But there was a chance.

* * * * *

THE monkey-faced man moved out of the corner of the doorway, turned leisurely down the narrow, cobble-stoned street. Paul crossed to the opposite side, stood looking into the window of a novelty store. His muscles had tensed beneath the dark bronze of his skin, as he watched the man moving along to the corner. Paul had seen the face; had seen just for a brief second the intense, eager interest in the colorless eyes; the rigidity of the body as he stood there staring away toward the ship. The flames were under control, but it would delay their sailing perhaps several days. . . .

The streets twisted and climbed and along them the monkey-faced individual moved with slow unconcern. He didn't look back but strolled on, a cigar in his mouth, his hat tipped back upon his oddly shaped head. Nothing seemed to worry him.

The street led down near the edge of town, into a conglomeration of stores and taverns, out of which came a multitude of smells and scents. Past them the man went, until at last he turned into a narrow alley and out of sight.

Carefully Paul advanced to the alley. He hesitated, then stepped past it, turning his head for a swift look along its length. He was in time to see the man step through a door.

No time to hesitate, Paul told himself. Maybe I'm all wet. Maybe I'll get thrown out on my ear, but what the deuce. I'm going to chance it.

• • • • • •

HE TURNED down the alley till he came to the door. For another second he hesitated, then stretched out his hand to the knob. He could tell them he'd gotten into the wrong place. Apologize for doing so. They were very polite down here. They'd smilingly tell him it was okay and let it go at that. But he wanted to make sure, wanted to see what lay beyond that door—

It swung open before Paul could apply his knuckles and for just a second his heart went off with a bound. The monkey-faced man was there all right, and now, in one thin hand, he cradled an ornery looking revolver.

"Come in," he invited softly. "Come right in, my friend. You asked for it. Now . . . come in and be satisfied."

The door closed behind Paul and the lock clicked ominously. It was dark in here and for a moment he waited for his eyes to grow used to the shadows. Then he saw another man seated in a chair tilted back against the wall. The monkey-faced person had stepped back to the middle of the darkened room. His colorless eyes were fixed unwaveringly upon Paul's face.

He said, "Yes, my friend. You asked for it. You Yankees—"

"Don't like 'em, huh?" Paul asked softly. "Too bad—"

"It is too bad. For *you!*"

"That's not a nice way to talk," Paul steadied himself against the knowledge that he'd walked into real trouble. "After all—haven't you heard of the good neighbor policy?"

"Certainly. But not that it means anything. For I know of another policy, one of much greater importance—"

"Such as wrecking ships! Sabotage—"

• • • • • •

THE thin-faced man smiled. "Right. You are very smart . . . for a Yankee. But . . . not smart enough. We failed where the ship was concerned. Something went wrong with the timing. However, we will now have a chance to remedy that, before what damage has been done can be repaired. Our next attempt will not fail. And in the meantime . . . we will be satisfied with one ship's officer!" The speaker laughed and the gun in his hand came up slightly.

"Axis agent," Paul murmured softly. "I've never met one face to face. Sorry I didn't get around to it before, although I've missed nothing. Odd-looking creatures, I find."

Anger flicked across the thin man's face and lips, twisting them sharply. "Smart!" he snarled. "A wise guy, eh? Well, my friend, we'll see just how funny you think this—"

The window beside him exploded in a shower of glass, through which a lean figure hurtled. The gun in the agent's hand roared, but Paul had moved. Swiftly.

Across the room the second man leaped to his feet, darted toward a side door—

"Nail 'em!" a familiar voice yelled. "Don't let him get away!"

The escaping man stumbled, and before he could recover, Paul hurled him around, drove him against the wall with a smashing blow. The fellow groaned, went limp and slid to the floor.

"Good work," Steve growled. "This bird's okay for a while, too. Why did you have to come ploughing into a mess of this kind?"

"They're responsible for the fire on the ship," Paul snapped. "Did you think I was going to let them go free? If I hadn't spotted this guy in the crowd, and followed him here . . . good thing you came along." Paul chuckled. "I didn't know you felt this way about me, Stevie. All these years—"

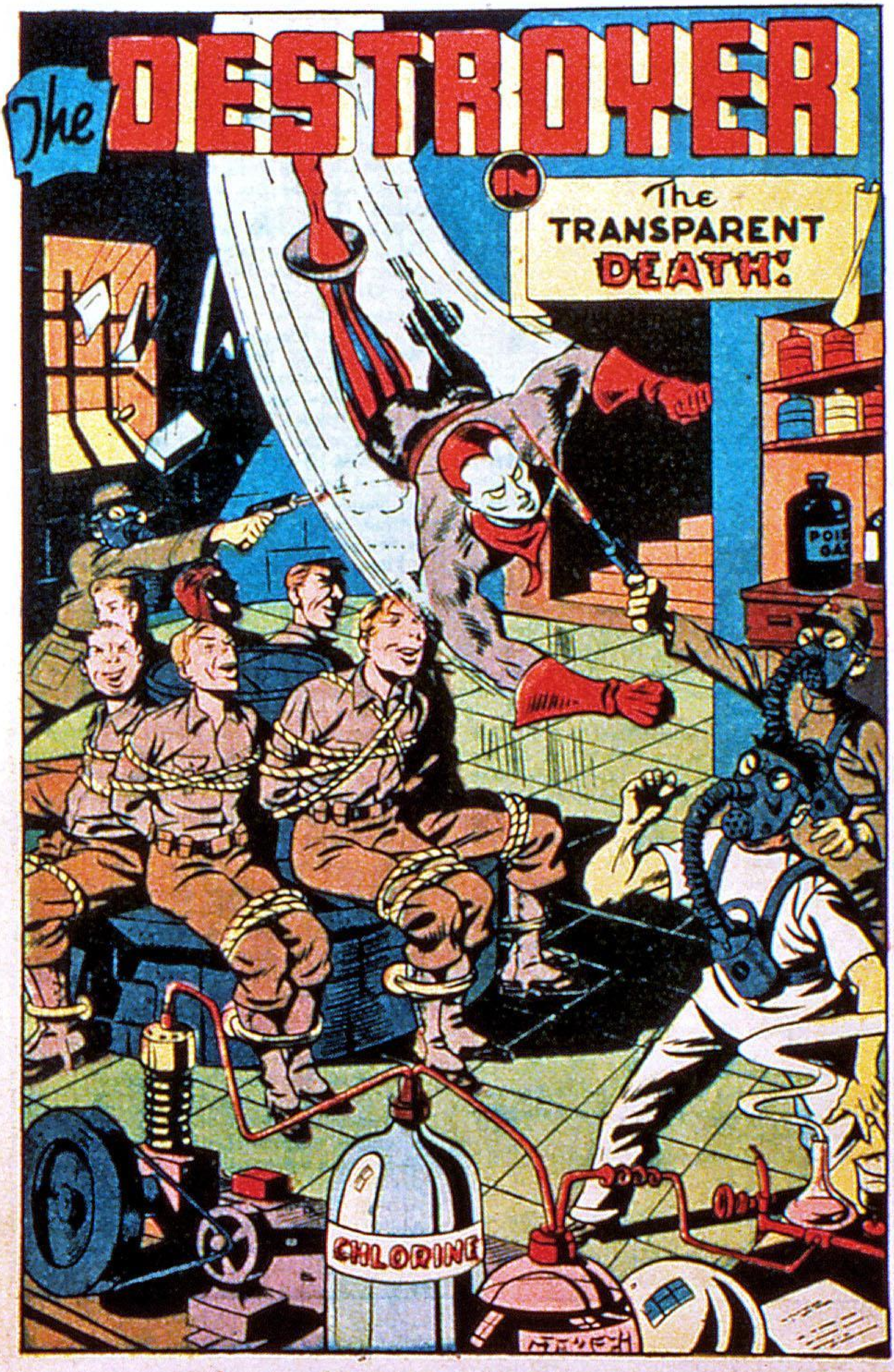
• • • • •

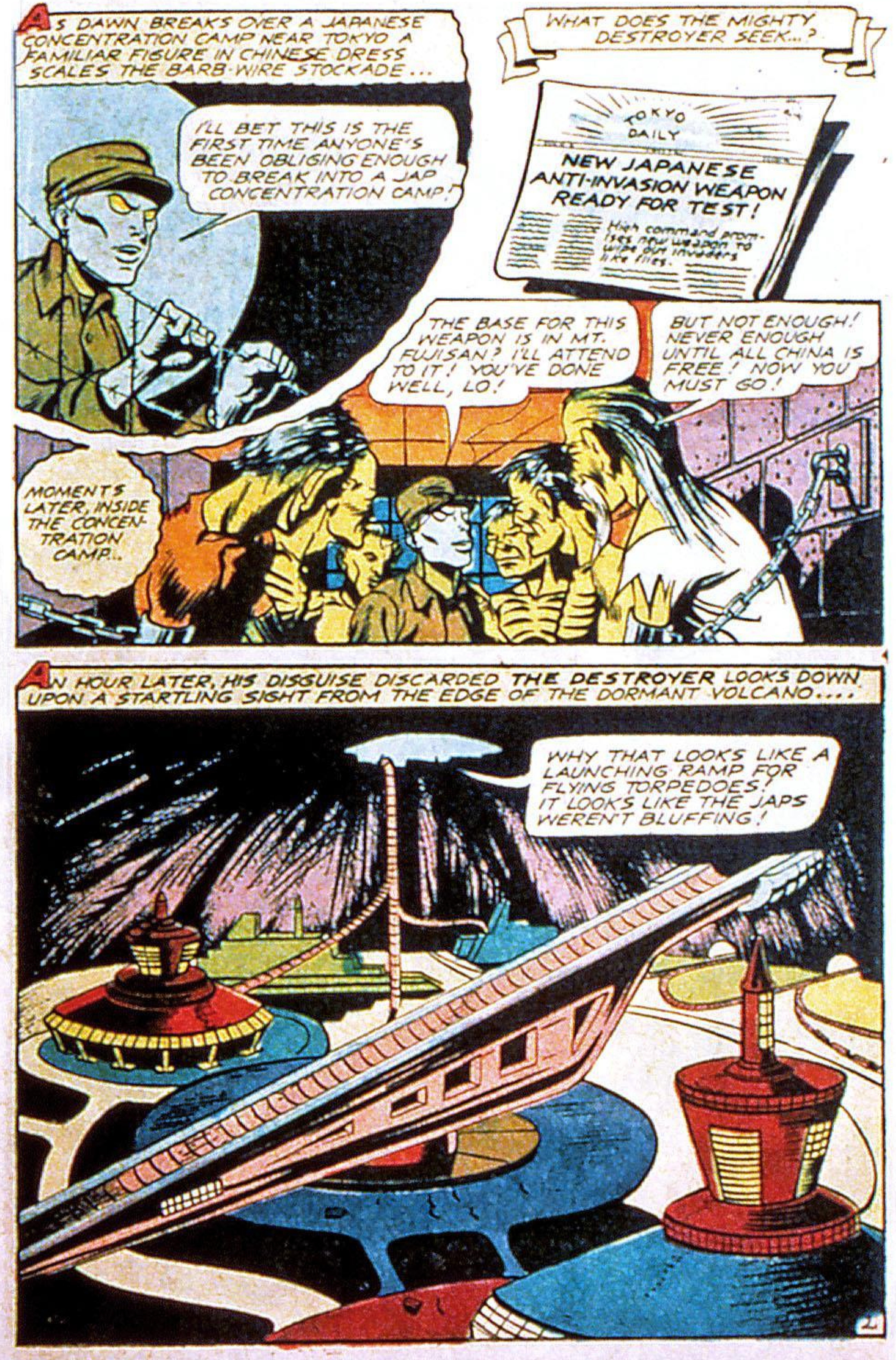
STEVE got up. "Save the sauce," he snapped. "You think I came ploughing after you just because of these birds? I just happened to see you duck out and followed. When I did see what you were up to—but gimme my shirt! Hang it all, it's your fault all this happened. If you hadn't talked me into leaving my shirt off, back there on board ship, see what we might have avoided? And if you hadn't had it all this time, you'd have been a goner!"

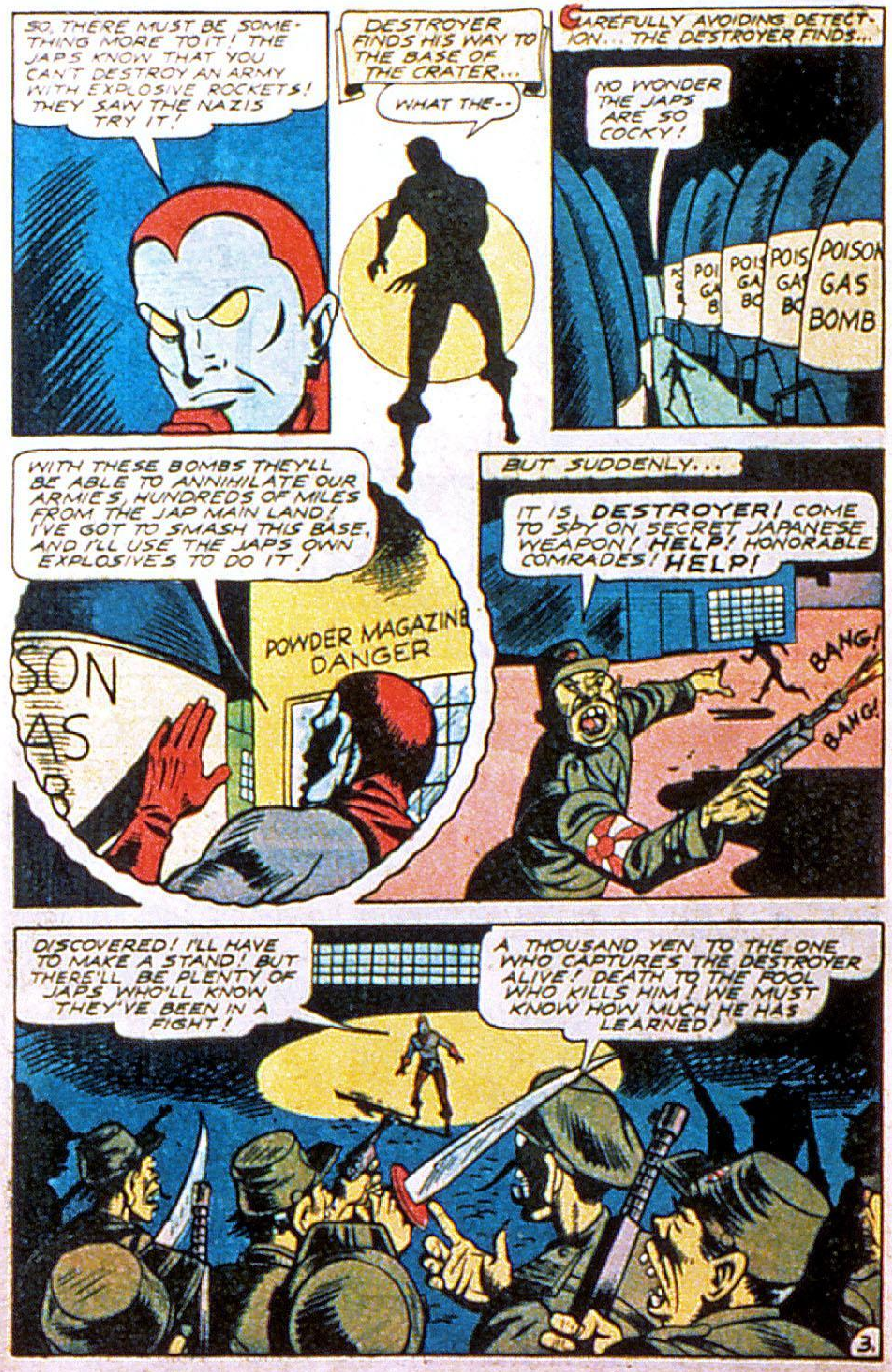
"Without your . . . shirt?"

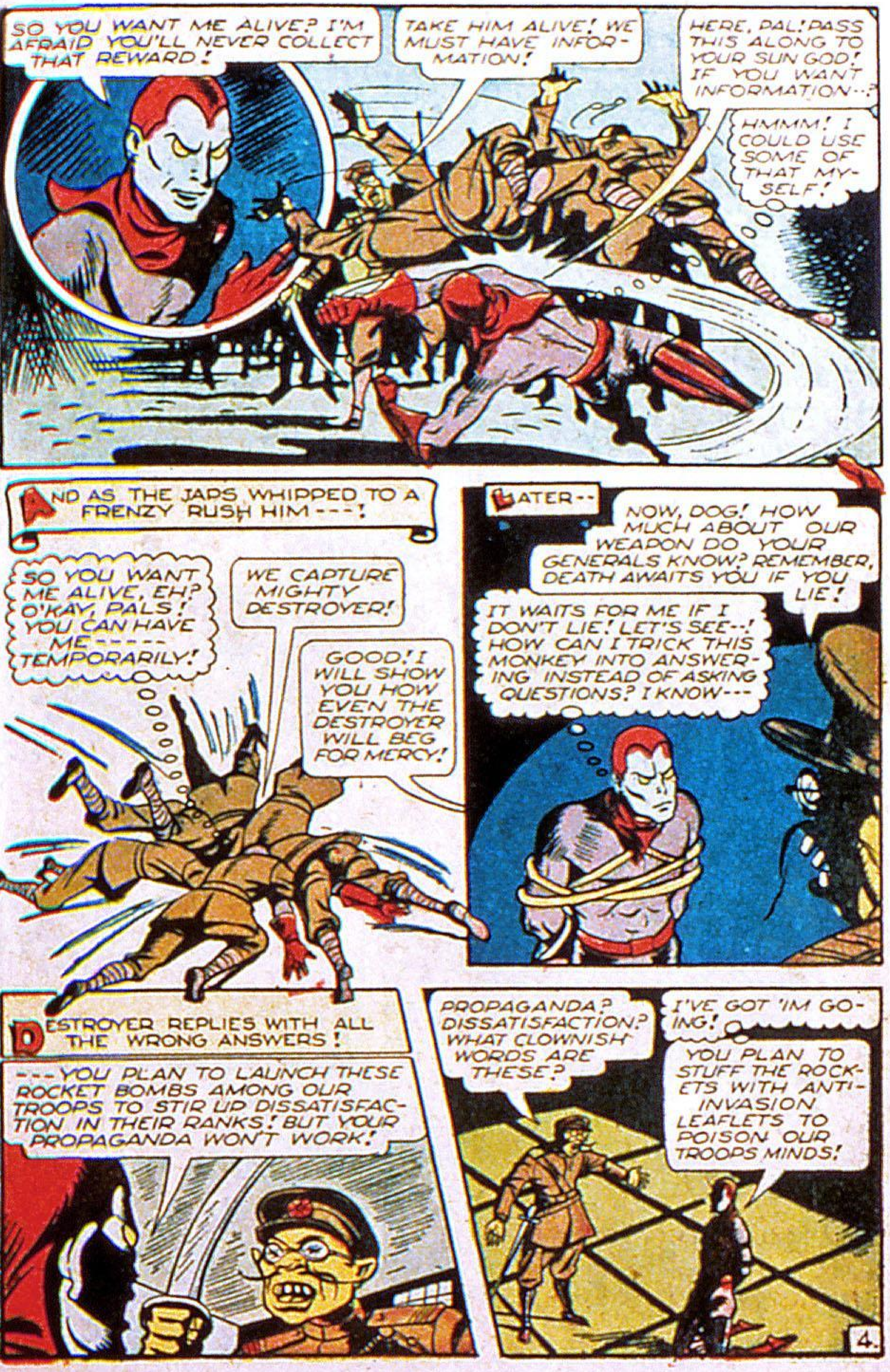
"Without my shirt!" Steve took possession, unbuttoned the pocket and fished something out. He heaved a sigh of relief. "Believe me, boy, if you hadn't grabbed my shirt instead of yours you'd be done for. You had my rabbit's foot. And you had me worried. I'd really have been out of luck if you'd lost that for me!"

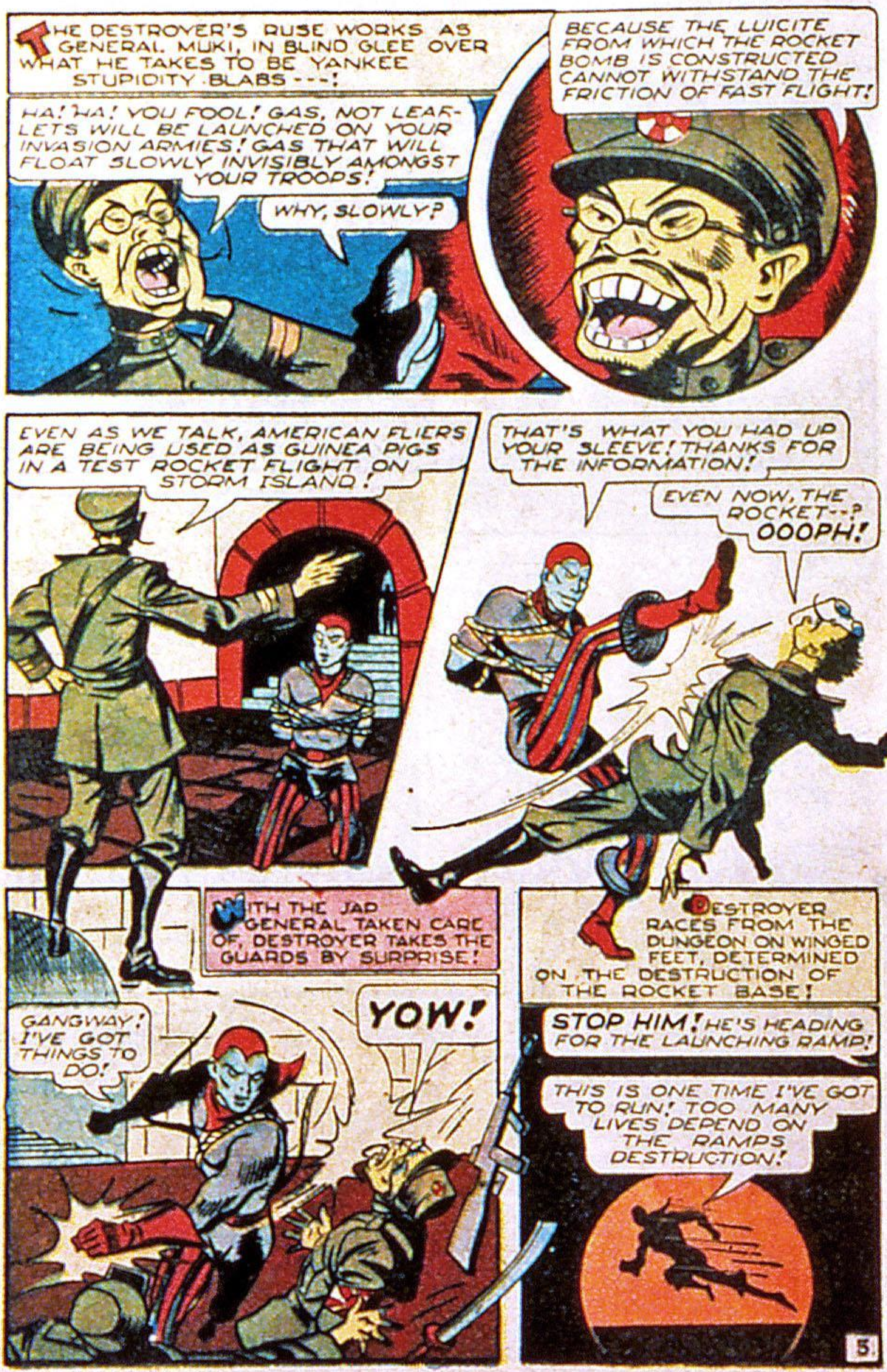
THE END

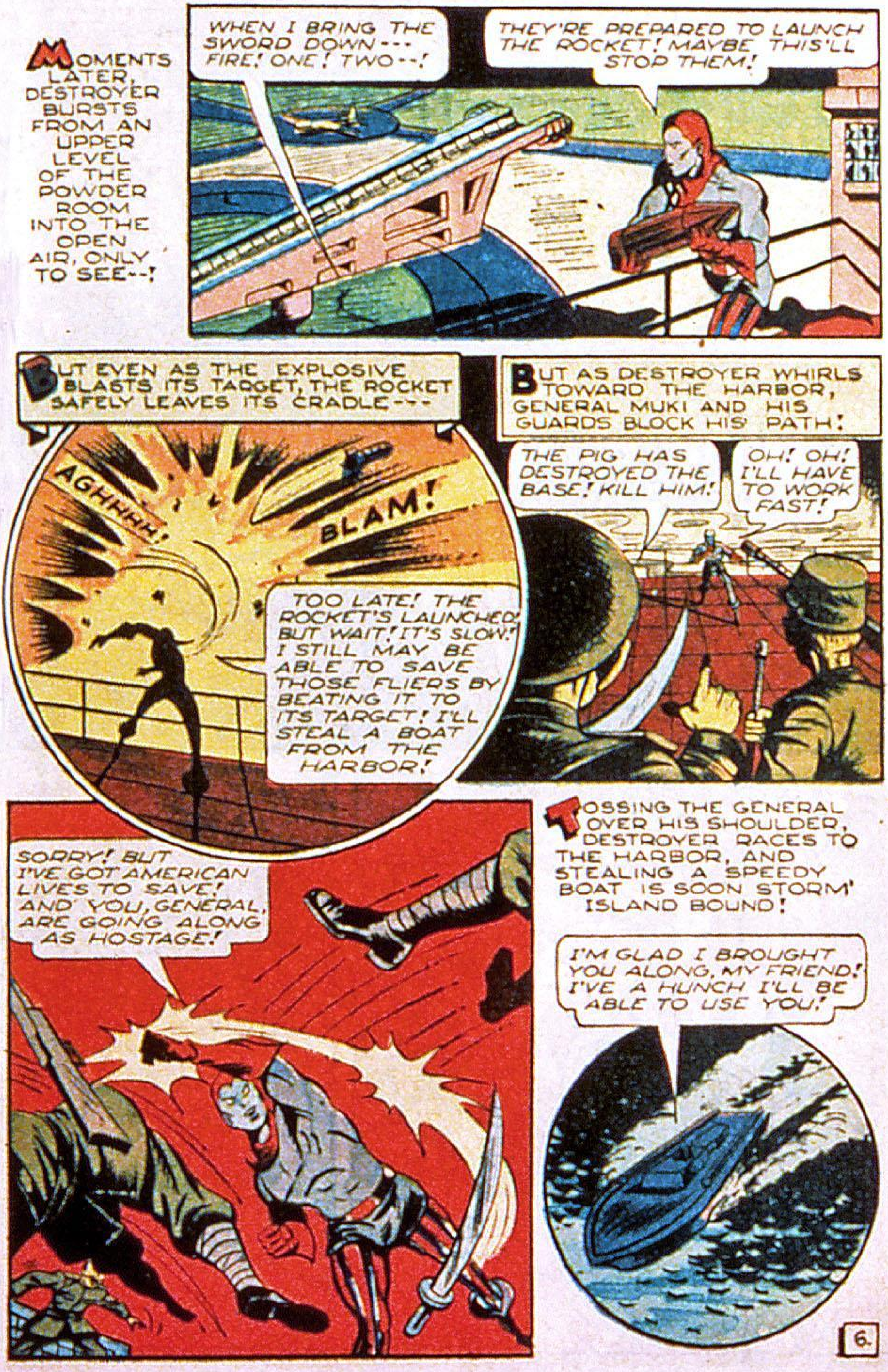

The DESTROYER
IN
The TRANSPARENT DEATH!
POISON GAS
CHLORINE

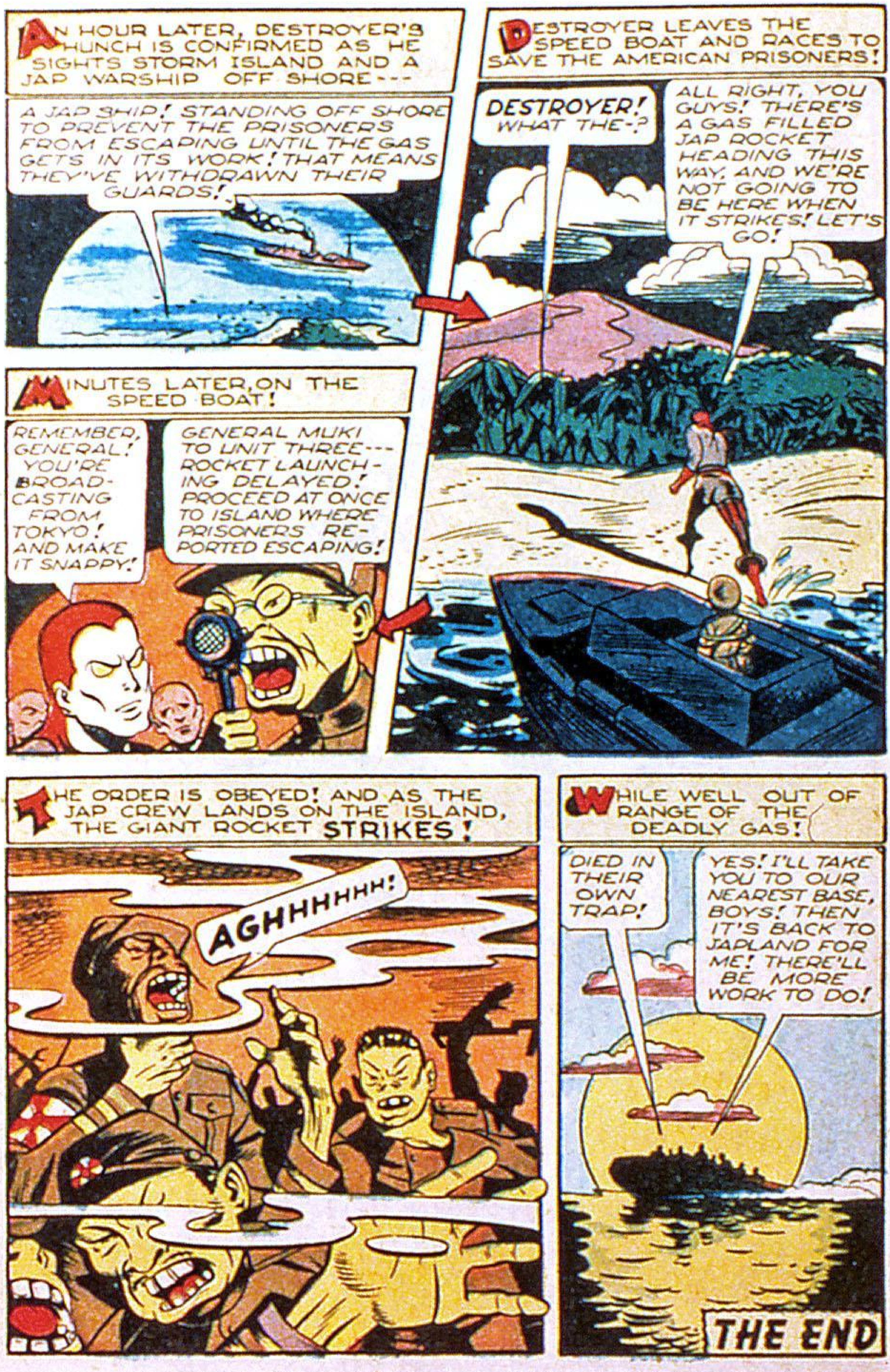

As dawn breaks over a Japanese concentration camp near Tokyo a familiar figure in Chinese dress scales the barb-wire stockade...
What does the mighty Destroyer seek...?
I'll bet this is the first time anyone's been obliging enough to break into a Jap concentration camp!
Tokyo Daily
NEW JAPANESE ANTI-INVASION WEAPON READY FOR TEST!
High command promises new weapon to wipe out invaders like flies.
The base for this weapon is in Mt. Fujisan? I'll attend to it! You've done well, Lo!
But not enough! Never enough until all China is free! Now you must go!
Moments later, inside the concentration camp...
An hour later, his disguise discarded THE DESTROYER looks down upon a startling sight from the edge of the dormant volcano....
Why that looks like a launching ramp for flying torpedoes! It looks like the Japs weren't bluffing!


SO, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING MORE TO IT! THE JAPS KNOW THAT YOU CAN'T DESTROY AN ARMY WITH EXPLOSIVE ROCKETS! THEY SAW THE NAZIS TRY IT!
DESTROYER FINDS HIS WAY TO THE BASE OF THE CRATER...
WHAT THE--
CAREFULLY AVOIDING DETECTION... THE DESTROYER FINDS...
NO WONDER THE JAPS ARE SO COCKY!
POISON GAS BOMB
WITH THESE BOMBS THEY'LL BE ABLE TO ANNIHILATE OUR ARMIES, HUNDREDS OF MILES FROM THE JAP MAIN LAND! I'VE GOT TO SMASH THIS BASE, AND I'LL USE THE JAPS OWN EXPLOSIVES TO DO IT!
SON AS
POWDER MAGAZINE DANGER
BUT SUDDENLY...
IT IS, DESTROYER! COME TO SPY ON SECRET JAPANESE WEAPON! HELP! HONORABLE COMRADES! HELP!
BANG!
BANG!
DISCOVERED! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A STAND! BUT THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF JAPS WHO'LL KNOW THEY'VE BEEN IN A FIGHT!
A THOUSAND YEN TO THE ONE WHO CAPTURES THE DESTROYER ALIVE! DEATH TO THE FOOL WHO KILLS HIM! WE MUST KNOW HOW MUCH HE HAS LEARNED!


SO YOU WANT ME ALIVE? I'M AFRAID YOU'LL NEVER COLLECT THAT REWARD!
TAKE HIM ALIVE! WE MUST HAVE INFORMATION!
HERE, PAL! PASS THIS ALONG TO YOUR SUN GOD! IF YOU WANT INFORMATION--?
HMMM! I COULD USE SOME OF THAT MYSELF!
AND AS THE JAPS WHIPPED TO A FRENZY RUSH HIM---!
SO YOU WANT ME ALIVE, EH? O'KAY, PALS! YOU CAN HAVE ME----- TEMPORARILY!
WE CAPTURE MIGHTY DESTROYER!
GOOD! I WILL SHOW YOU HOW EVEN THE DESTROYER WILL BEG FOR MERCY!
LATER--
NOW, DOG! HOW MUCH ABOUT OUR WEAPON DO YOUR GENERALS KNOW? REMEMBER, DEATH AWAITS YOU IF YOU LIE!
IT WAITS FOR ME IF I DON'T LIE! LET'S SEE--! HOW CAN I TRICK THIS MONKEY INTO ANSWERING INSTEAD OF ASKING QUESTIONS? I KNOW---
DESTROYER REPLIES WITH ALL THE WRONG ANSWERS!
---YOU PLAN TO LAUNCH THESE ROCKET BOMBS AMONG OUR TROOPS TO STIR UP DISSATISFACTION IN THEIR RANKS! BUT YOUR PROPAGANDA WON'T WORK!
PROPAGANDA? DISSATISFACTION? WHAT CLOWNISH WORDS ARE THESE?
I'VE GOT 'IM GOING!
YOU PLAN TO STUFF THE ROCKETS WITH ANTI-INVASION LEAFLETS TO POISON OUR TROOPS MINDS!


THE DESTROYER'S RUSE WORKS AS GENERAL MUKI, IN BLIND GLEE OVER WHAT HE TAKES TO BE YANKEE STUPIDITY BLABS---!
HA! HA! YOU FOOL! GAS, NOT LEAFLETS WILL BE LAUNCHED ON YOUR INVASION ARMIES! GAS THAT WILL FLOAT SLOWLY INVISIBLY AMONGST YOUR TROOPS!
WHY, SLOWLY?
BECAUSE THE LUICITE FROM WHICH THE ROCKET BOMB IS CONSTRUCTED CANNOT WITHSTAND THE FRICTION OF FAST FLIGHT!
EVEN AS WE TALK, AMERICAN FLIERS ARE BEING USED AS GUINEA PIGS IN A TEST ROCKET FLIGHT ON STORM ISLAND!
THAT'S WHAT YOU HAD UP YOUR SLEEVE! THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION!
EVEN NOW, THE ROCKET--? OOOPH!
WITH THE JAP GENERAL TAKEN CARE OF, DESTROYER TAKES THE GUARDS BY SURPRISE!
GANGWAY! I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!
YOW!
DESTROYER RACES FROM THE DUNGEON ON WINGED FEET, DETERMINED ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ROCKET BASE!
STOP HIM! HE'S HEADING FOR THE LAUNCHING RAMP!
THIS IS ONE TIME I'VE GOT TO RUN! TOO MANY LIVES DEPEND ON THE RAMPS DESTRUCTION!


MOMENTS LATER, DESTROYER BURSTS FROM AN UPPER LEVEL OF THE POWDER ROOM INTO THE OPEN AIR, ONLY TO SEE--!
WHEN I BRING THE SWORD DOWN--- FIRE! ONE! TWO--!
THEY'RE PREPARED TO LAUNCH THE ROCKET! MAYBE THIS'LL STOP THEM!
BUT EVEN AS THE EXPLOSIVE BLASTS ITS TARGET, THE ROCKET SAFELY LEAVES ITS CRADLE---
AGHHHH!
BLAM!
TOO LATE! THE ROCKET'S LAUNCHED! BUT WAIT! IT'S SLOW! I STILL MAY BE ABLE TO SAVE THOSE FLIERS BY BEATING IT TO ITS TARGET! I'LL STEAL A BOAT FROM THE HARBOR!
BUT AS DESTROYER WHIRLS TOWARD THE HARBOR, GENERAL MUKI AND HIS GUARDS BLOCK HIS PATH!
THE PIG HAS DESTROYED THE BASE! KILL HIM!
OH! OH! I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!
SORRY! BUT I'VE GOT AMERICAN LIVES TO SAVE! AND YOU, GENERAL, ARE GOING ALONG AS HOSTAGE!
TOSSING THE GENERAL OVER HIS SHOULDER, DESTROYER RACES TO THE HARBOR, AND STEALING A SPEEDY BOAT IS SOON STORM ISLAND BOUND!
I'M GLAD I BROUGHT YOU ALONG, MY FRIEND! I'VE A HUNCH I'LL BE ABLE TO USE YOU!


AN HOUR LATER, DESTROYER'S HUNCH IS CONFIRMED AS HE SIGHTS STORM ISLAND AND A JAP WARSHIP OFF SHORE---
A JAP SHIP! STANDING OFF SHORE TO PREVENT THE PRISONERS FROM ESCAPING UNTIL THE GAS GETS IN ITS WORK! THAT MEANS THEY'VE WITHDRAWN THEIR GUARDS!
DESTROYER LEAVES THE SPEED BOAT AND RACES TO SAVE THE AMERICAN PRISONERS!
DESTROYER! WHAT THE-?
ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS! THERE'S A GAS FILLED JAP ROCKET HEADING THIS WAY, AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE HERE WHEN IT STRIKES! LET'S GO!
MINUTES LATER, ON THE SPEED BOAT!
REMEMBER, GENERAL! YOU'RE BROADCASTING FROM TOKYO! AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!
GENERAL MUKI TO UNIT THREE--- ROCKET LAUNCHING DELAYED! PROCEED AT ONCE TO ISLAND WHERE PRISONERS REPORTED ESCAPING!
THE ORDER IS OBEYED! AND AS THE JAP CREW LANDS ON THE ISLAND, THE GIANT ROCKET STRIKES!
AGHHHHHH!
WHILE WELL OUT OF RANGE OF THE DEADLY GAS!
DIED IN THEIR OWN TRAP!
YES! I'LL TAKE YOU TO OUR NEAREST BASE, BOYS! THEN IT'S BACK TO JAPLAND FOR ME! THERE'LL BE MORE WORK TO DO!
THE END

An important message to the BOYS *and* GIRLS *of* AMERICA!

from GENERAL ARNOLD

COMMANDING GENERAL
U.S. ARMY
AIR FORCES

WAR DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON

We of the armed forces urge every young man and woman of pre-military age who has been filling a summer war job to return to school this autumn. Such work is important, but your education has top priority. You will serve your country best by making the most of your education opportunities, for this is not only a brave man's war--it is also a smart man's war.

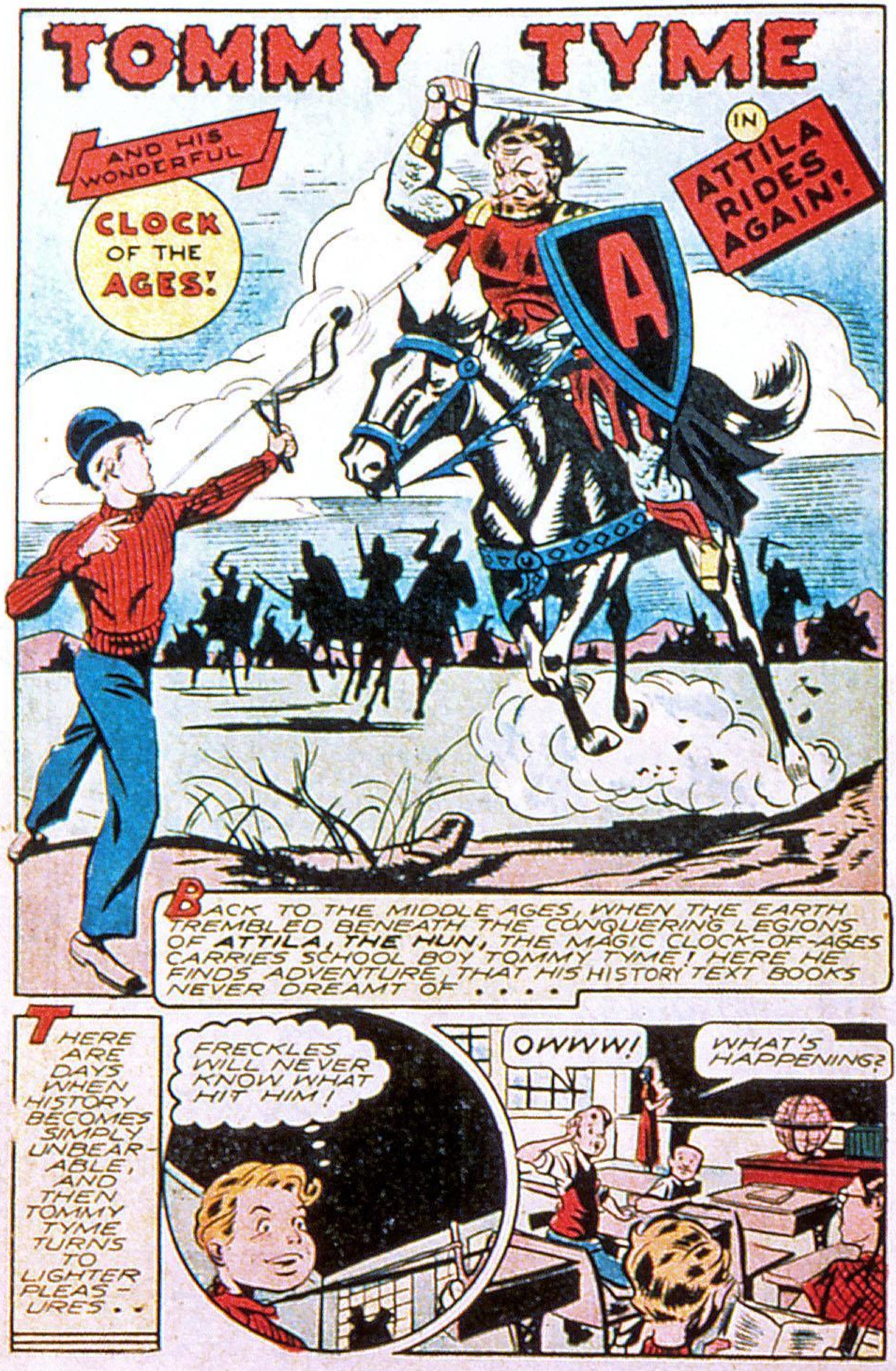
If you plan to enter military service, you will find that a good education offers the best assurance of progress and recognition. In all branches of service, we need trained leaders, engineers, scientists and specialists. And in the years to follow victory we will need them even more, as our nation charts its progress in the post-war world.

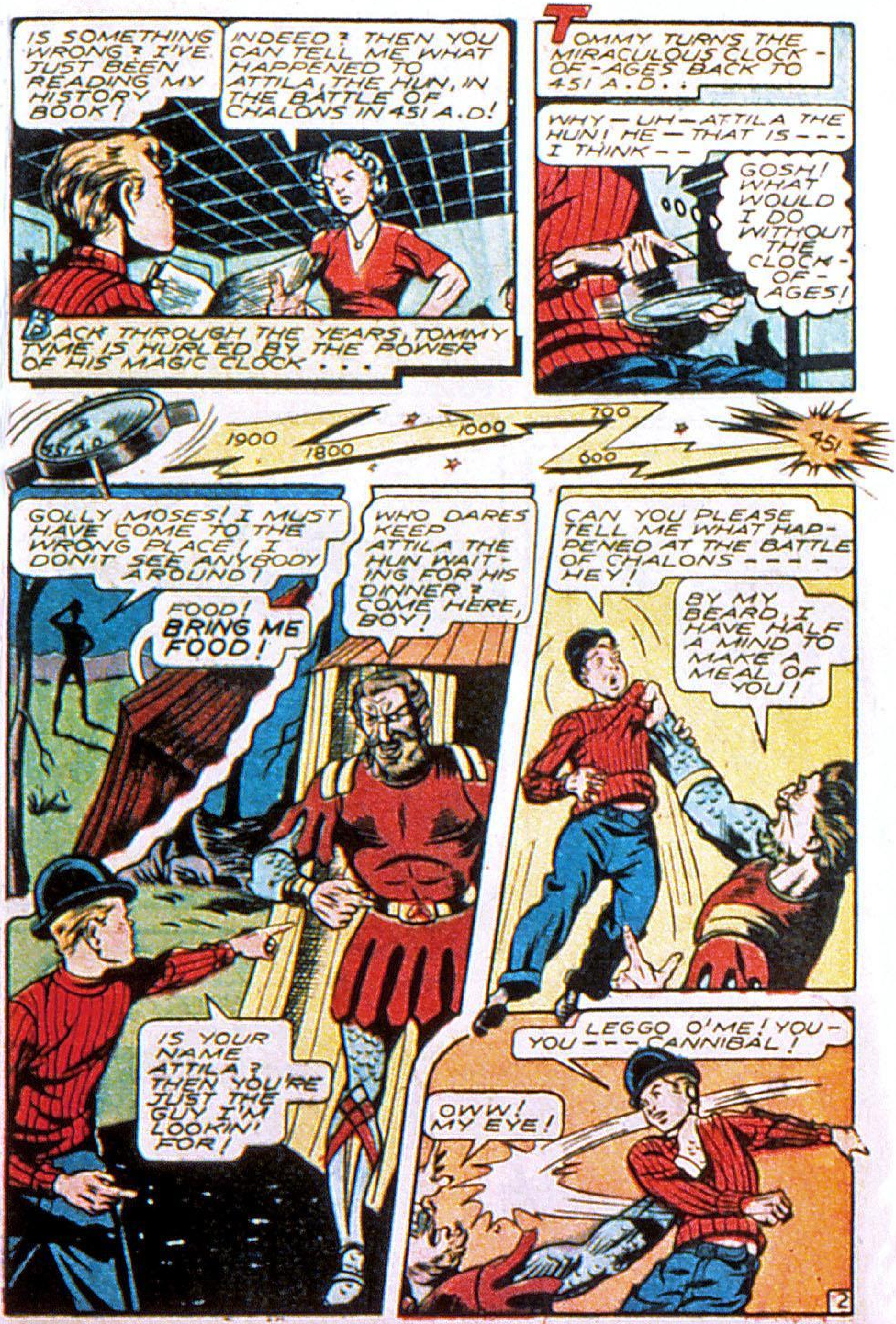
H. H. Arnold

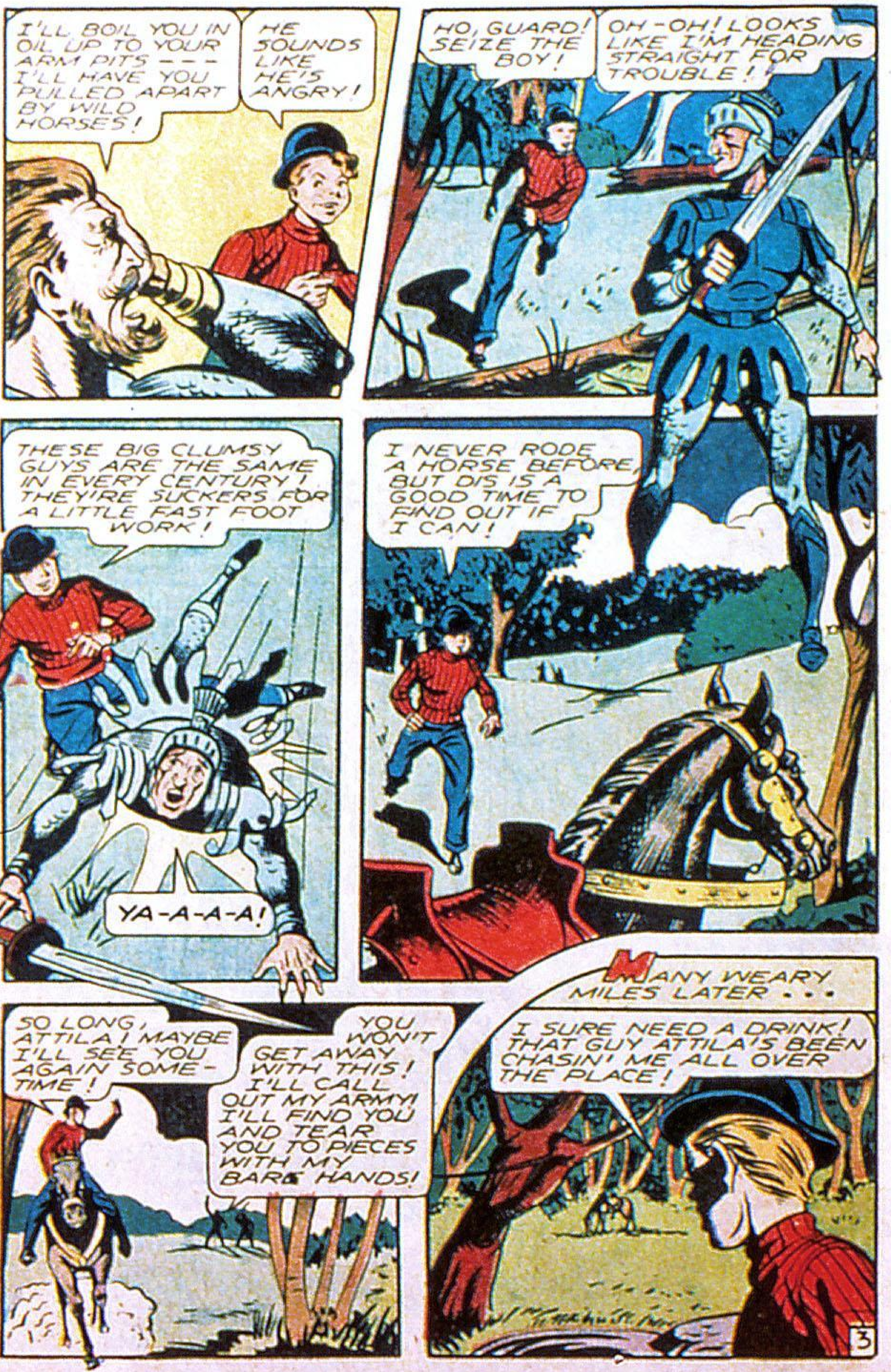
H. H. ARNOLD,
General, U. S. Army,
Commanding General, Army Air Forces.

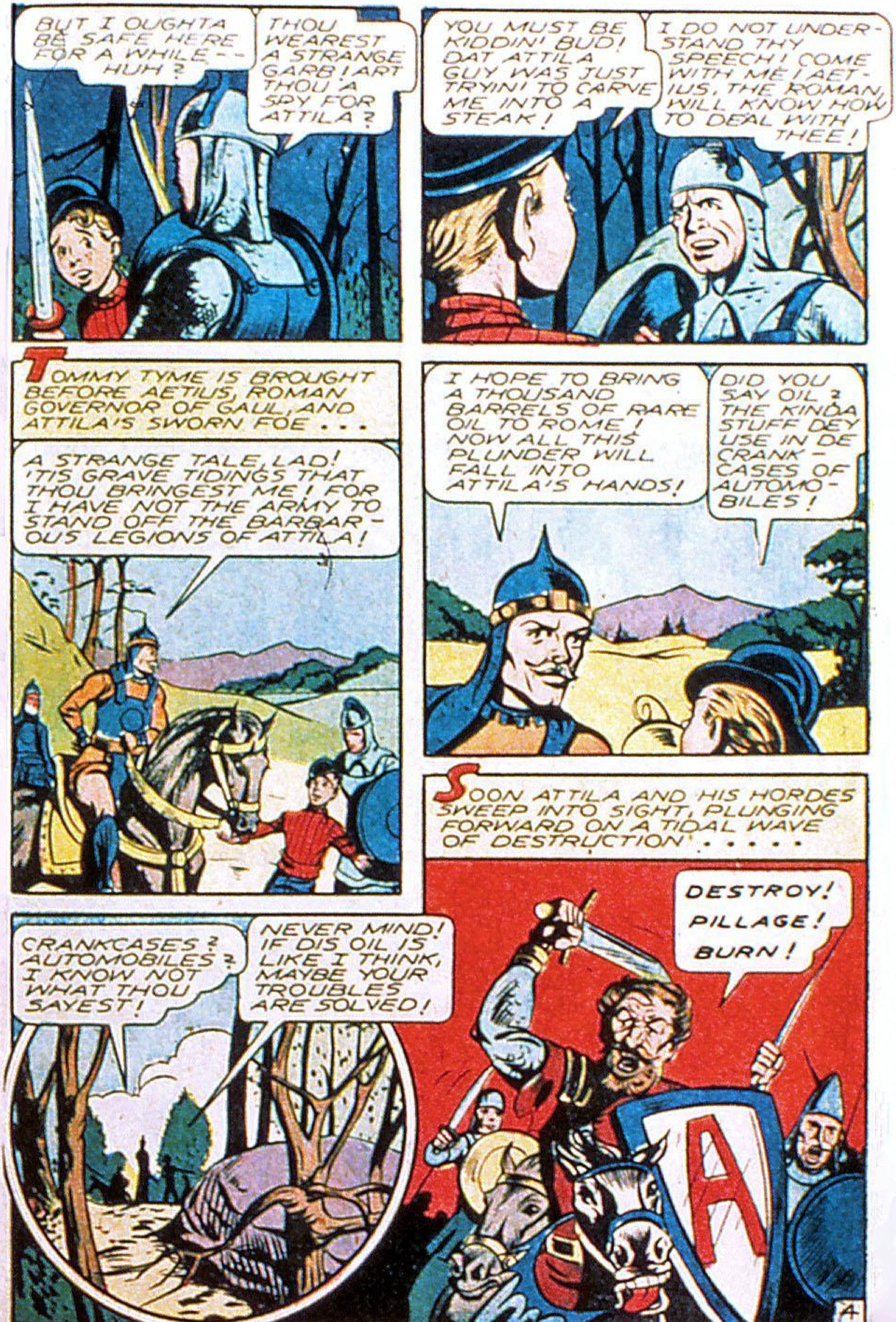
FOR VICTORY
BUY
WAR

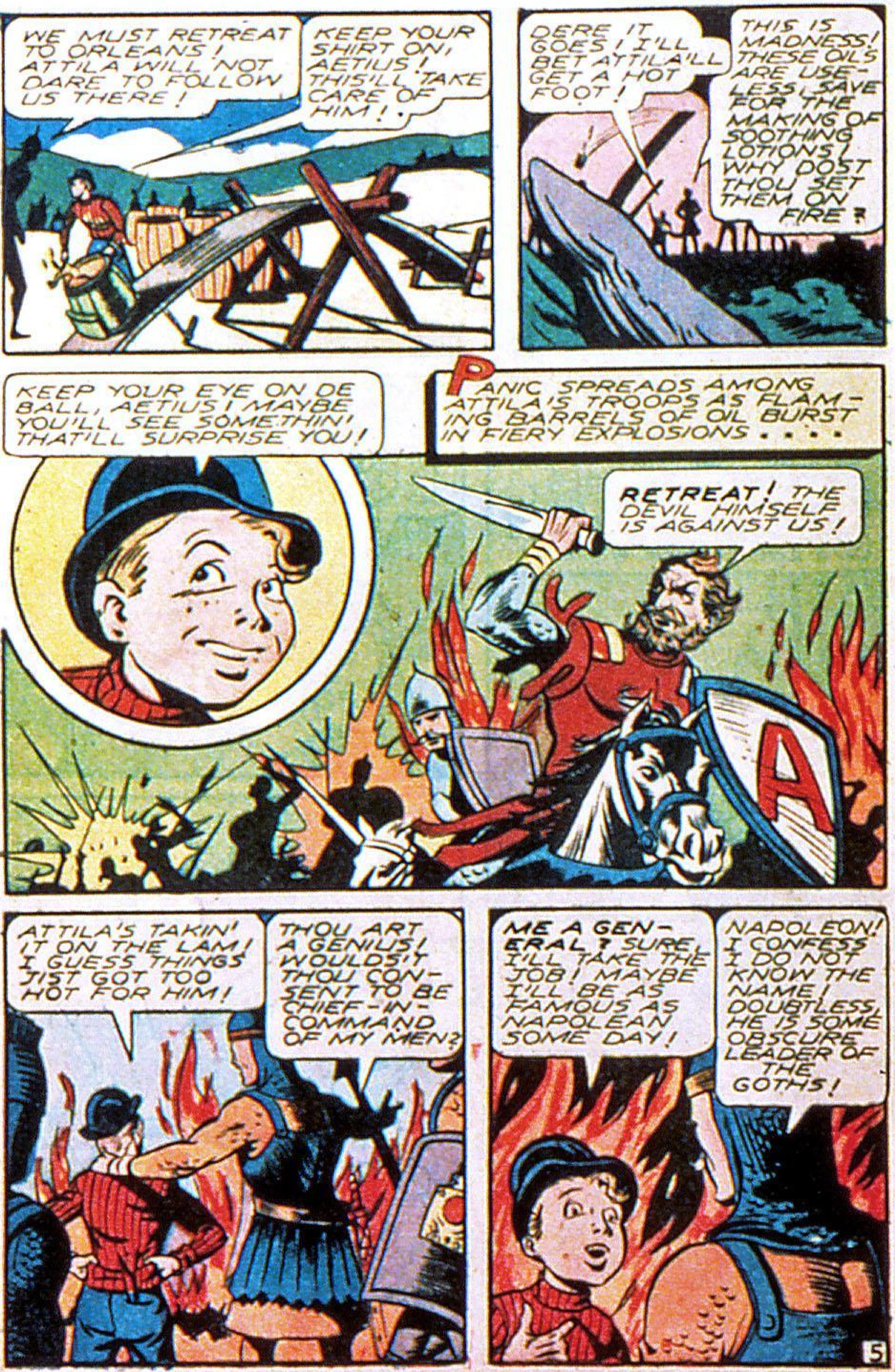
(Prepared in cooperation with the Office of War Information and published in the interest of the NATIONAL GO-TO-SCHOOL DRIVE, sponsored by the Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor, and the U. S. Office of Education, Federal Security Agency.)

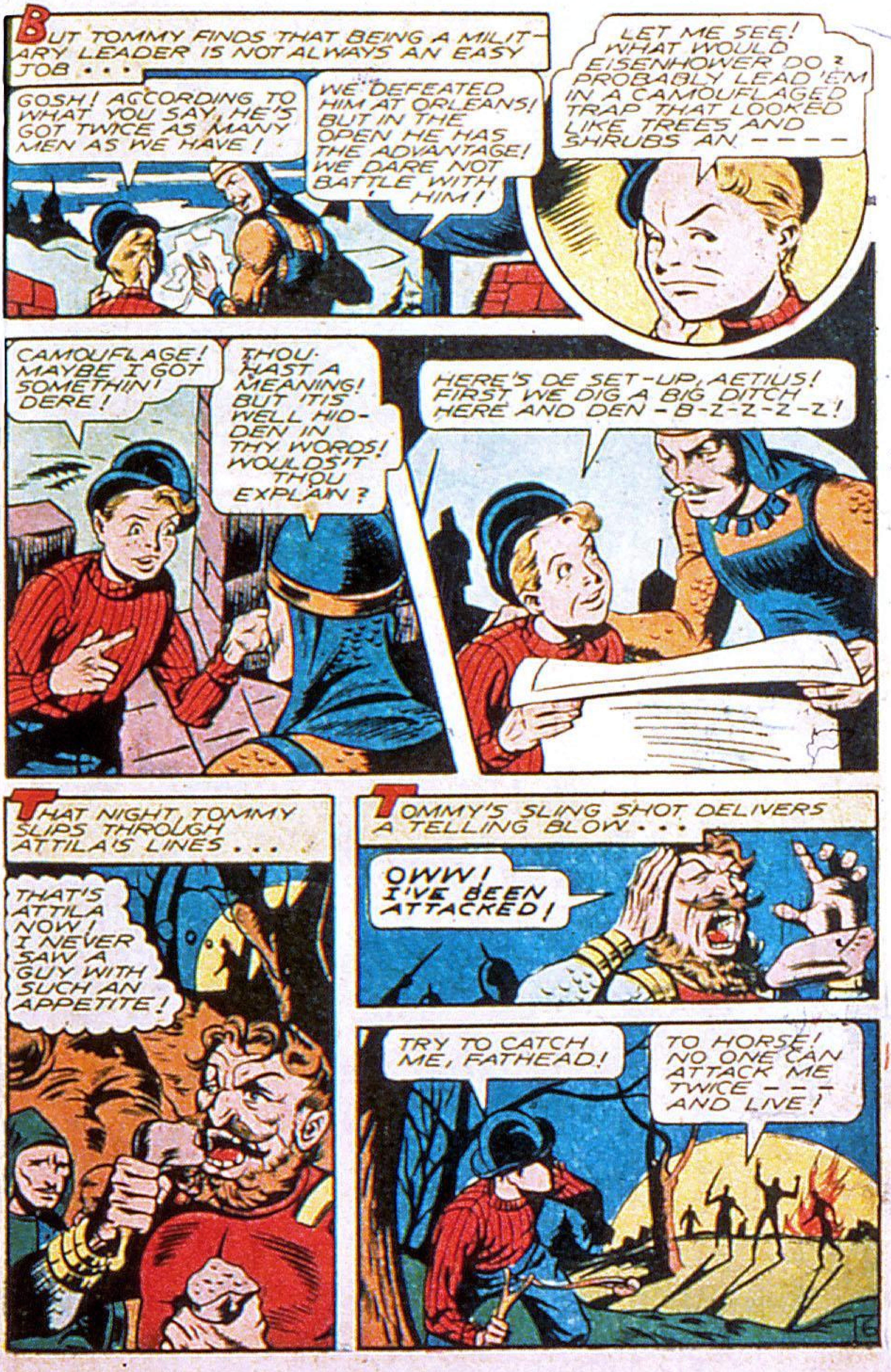

TOMMY TYME
AND HIS WONDERFUL
CLOCK OF THE AGES!
IN
ATTILA RIDES AGAIN!
A
BACK TO THE MIDDLE AGES, WHEN THE EARTH TREMBLED BENEATH THE CONQUERING LEGIONS OF **ATTILA, THE HUN**, THE MAGIC CLOCK-OF-AGES CARRIES SCHOOL BOY TOMMY TYME! HERE HE FINDS ADVENTURE THAT HIS HISTORY TEXT BOOKS NEVER DREAMT OF . . . .
THERE ARE DAYS WHEN HISTORY BECOMES SIMPLY UNBEARABLE, AND THEN TOMMY TYME TURNS TO LIGHTER PLEASURES . .
FRECKLES WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!
OWWW!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?

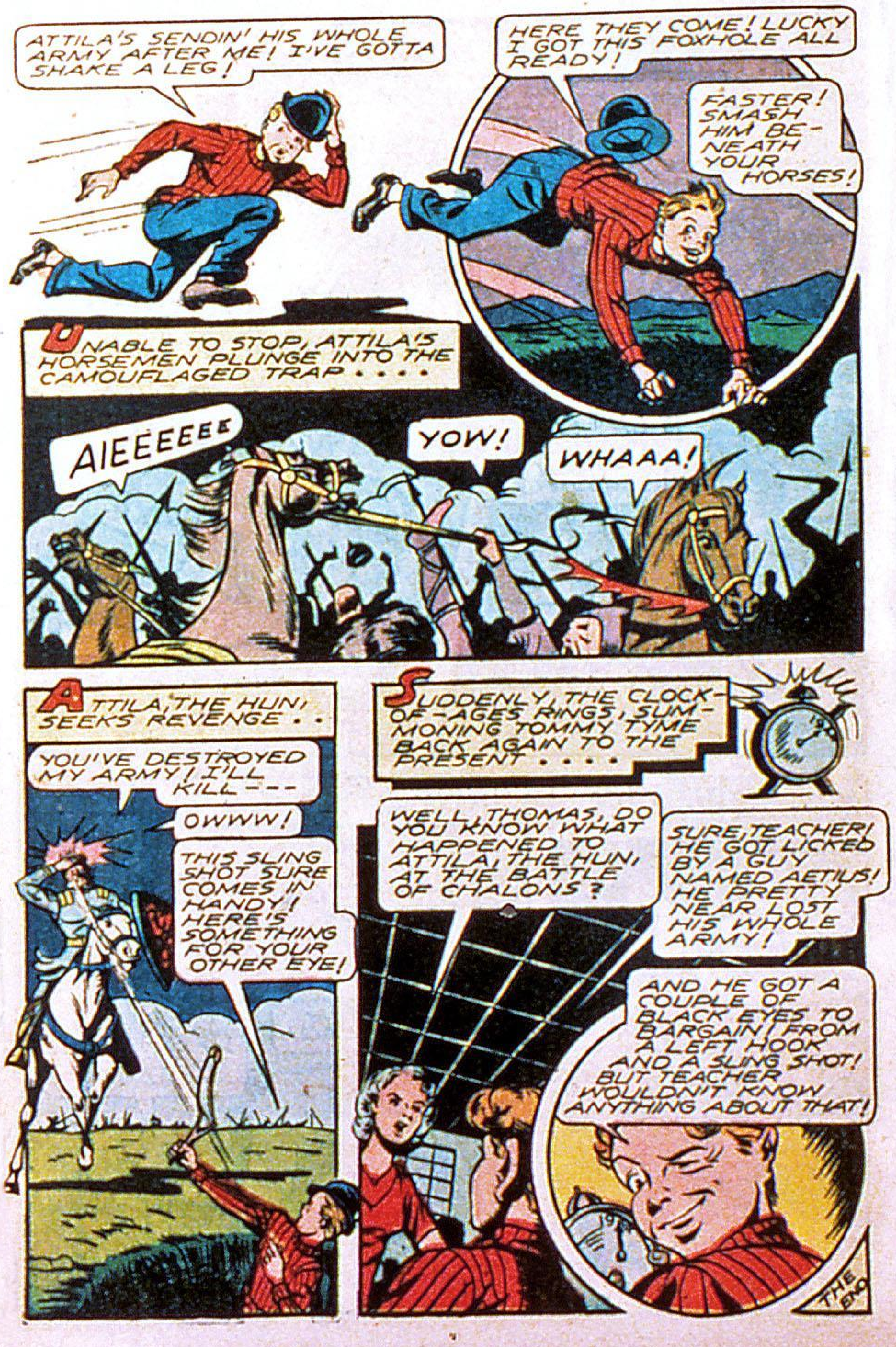

IS SOMETHING WRONG? I'VE JUST BEEN READING MY HISTORY BOOK!
INDEED? THEN YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO ATTILA, THE HUN, IN THE BATTLE OF CHALONS IN 451 A.D!
BACK THROUGH THE YEARS, TOMMY TYME IS HURLED BY THE POWER OF HIS MAGIC CLOCK . . .
TOMMY TURNS THE MIRACULOUS CLOCK-OF-AGES BACK TO 451 A.D. .
WHY—UH—ATTILA THE HUN! HE—THAT IS--- I THINK--
GOSH! WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT THE CLOCK-OF-AGES!
451 A.D.
1900
1800
1000
700
600
451
GOLLY MOSES! I MUST HAVE COME TO THE WRONG PLACE! I DON'T SEE ANYBODY AROUND!
FOOD! BRING ME FOOD!
WHO DARES KEEP ATTILA THE HUN WAITING FOR HIS DINNER? COME HERE, BOY!
IS YOUR NAME ATTILA? THEN YOU'RE JUST THE GUY I'M LOOKIN' FOR!
CAN YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED AT THE BATTLE OF CHALONS---- HEY!
BY MY BEARD, I HAVE HALF A MIND TO MAKE A MEAL OF YOU!
LEGGO O'ME! YOU-YOU---CANNIBAL!
OWW! MY EYE!


I'LL BOIL YOU IN OIL UP TO YOUR ARM PITS --- I'LL HAVE YOU PULLED APART BY WILD HORSES!
HE SOUNDS LIKE HE'S ANGRY!
HO, GUARD! SEIZE THE BOY!
OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE I'M HEADING STRAIGHT FOR TROUBLE!!
THESE BIG CLUMSY GUYS ARE THE SAME IN EVERY CENTURY! THEY'RE SUCKERS FOR A LITTLE FAST FOOT WORK!
YA-A-A-A!
I NEVER RODE A HORSE BEFORE, BUT DIS IS A GOOD TIME TO FIND OUT IF I CAN!
SO LONG, ATTILA! MAYBE I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN SOME-TIME!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL CALL OUT MY ARMY! I'LL FIND YOU AND TEAR YOU TO PIECES WITH MY BARE HANDS!
MANY WEARY MILES LATER . . .
I SURE NEED A DRINK! THAT GUY ATTILA'S BEEN CHASIN' ME ALL OVER THE PLACE!

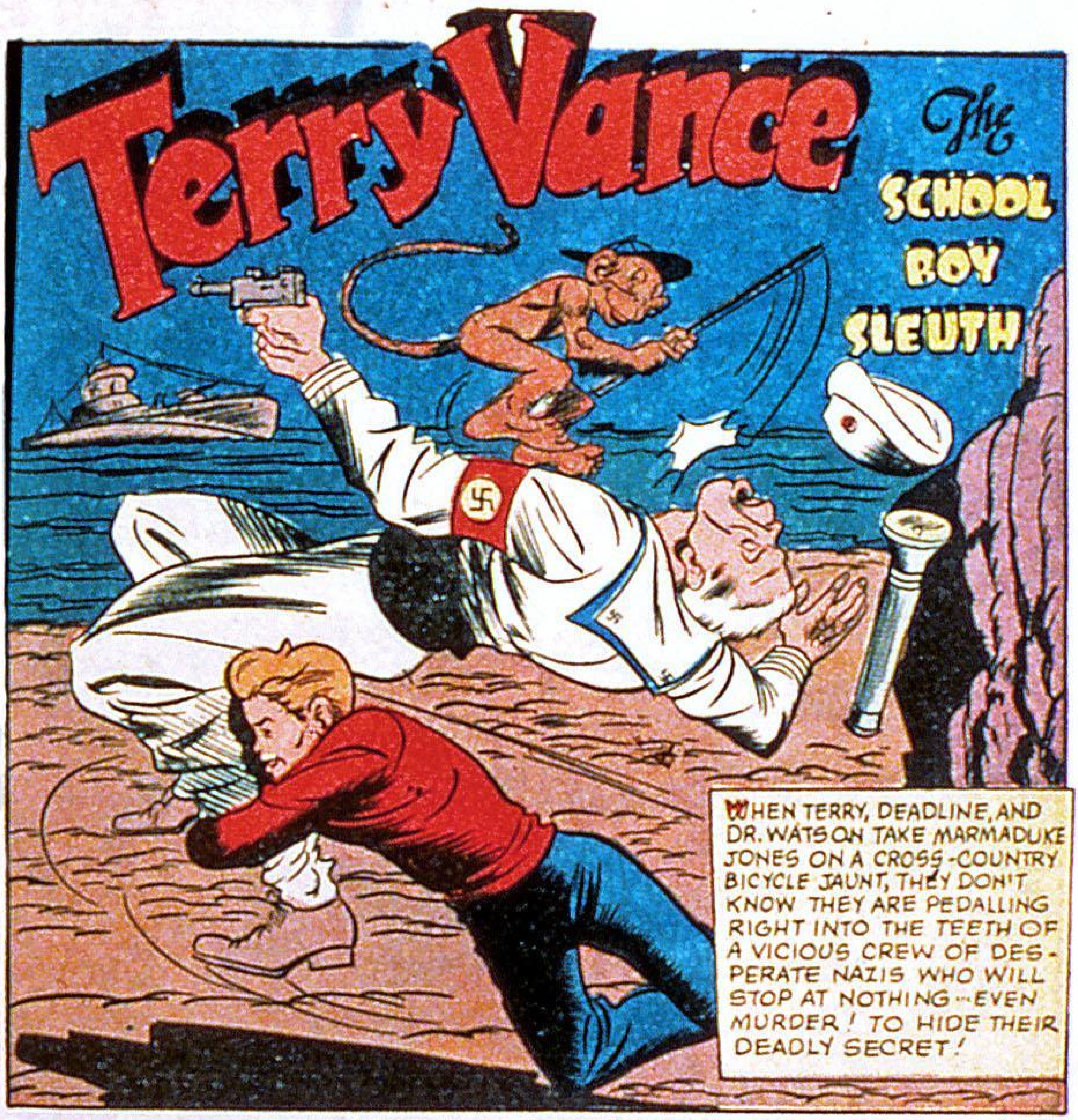

BUT I OUGHTA BE SAFE HERE FOR A WHILE-- HUH?
THOU WEAREST A STRANGE GARB! ART THOU A SPY FOR ATTILA?
YOU MUST BE KIDDIN' BUD! DAT ATTILA GUY WAS JUST TRYIN' TO CARVE ME INTO A STEAK!
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THY SPEECH! COME WITH ME! AETIUS, THE ROMAN, WILL KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THEE!
TOMMY TYME IS BROUGHT BEFORE AETIUS, ROMAN GOVERNOR OF GAUL, AND ATTILA'S SWORN FOE . . .
A STRANGE TALE, LAD! 'TIS GRAVE TIDINGS THAT THOU BRINGEST ME! FOR I HAVE NOT THE ARMY TO STAND OFF THE BARBAROUS LEGIONS OF ATTILA!
I HOPE TO BRING A THOUSAND BARRELS OF RARE OIL TO ROME! NOW ALL THIS PLUNDER WILL FALL INTO ATTILA'S HANDS!
DID YOU SAY OIL? THE KINDA STUFF DEY USE IN DE CRANKCASES OF AUTOMOBILES!
CRANKCASES? AUTOMOBILES? I KNOW NOT WHAT THOU SAYEST!
NEVER MIND! IF DIS OIL IS LIKE I THINK, MAYBE YOUR TROUBLES ARE SOLVED!
SOON ATTILA AND HIS HORDES SWEEP INTO SIGHT, PLUNGING FORWARD ON A TIDAL WAVE OF DESTRUCTION . . . .
DESTROY! PILLAGE! BURN!
A
4


WE MUST RETREAT TO ORLEANS! ATTILA WILL NOT DARE TO FOLLOW US THERE!
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, AETIUS! THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
DERE IT GOES! I'LL BET ATTILA'LL GET A HOT FOOT!
THIS IS MADNESS! THESE OILS ARE USELESS, SAVE FOR THE MAKING OF SOOTHING LOTIONS! WHY DOST THOU SET THEM ON FIRE?
KEEP YOUR EYE ON DE BALL, AETIUS! MAYBE YOU'LL SEE SOMETHIN' THAT'LL SURPRISE YOU!
PANIC SPREADS AMONG ATTILA'S TROOPS AS FLAMING BARRELS OF OIL BURST IN FIERY EXPLOSIONS....
RETREAT! THE DEVIL HIMSELF IS AGAINST US!
A
ATTILA'S TAKIN' IT ON THE LAM! I GUESS THINGS JIST GOT TOO HOT FOR HIM!
THOU ART A GENIUS! WOULDS'T THOU CONSENT TO BE CHIEF-IN-COMMAND OF MY MEN?
ME A GENERAL? SURE, I'LL TAKE THE JOB! MAYBE I'LL BE AS FAMOUS AS NAPOLEAN SOME DAY!
NAPOLEON! I CONFESS I DO NOT KNOW THE NAME! DOUBTLESS, HE IS SOME OBSCURE LEADER OF THE GOTHS!

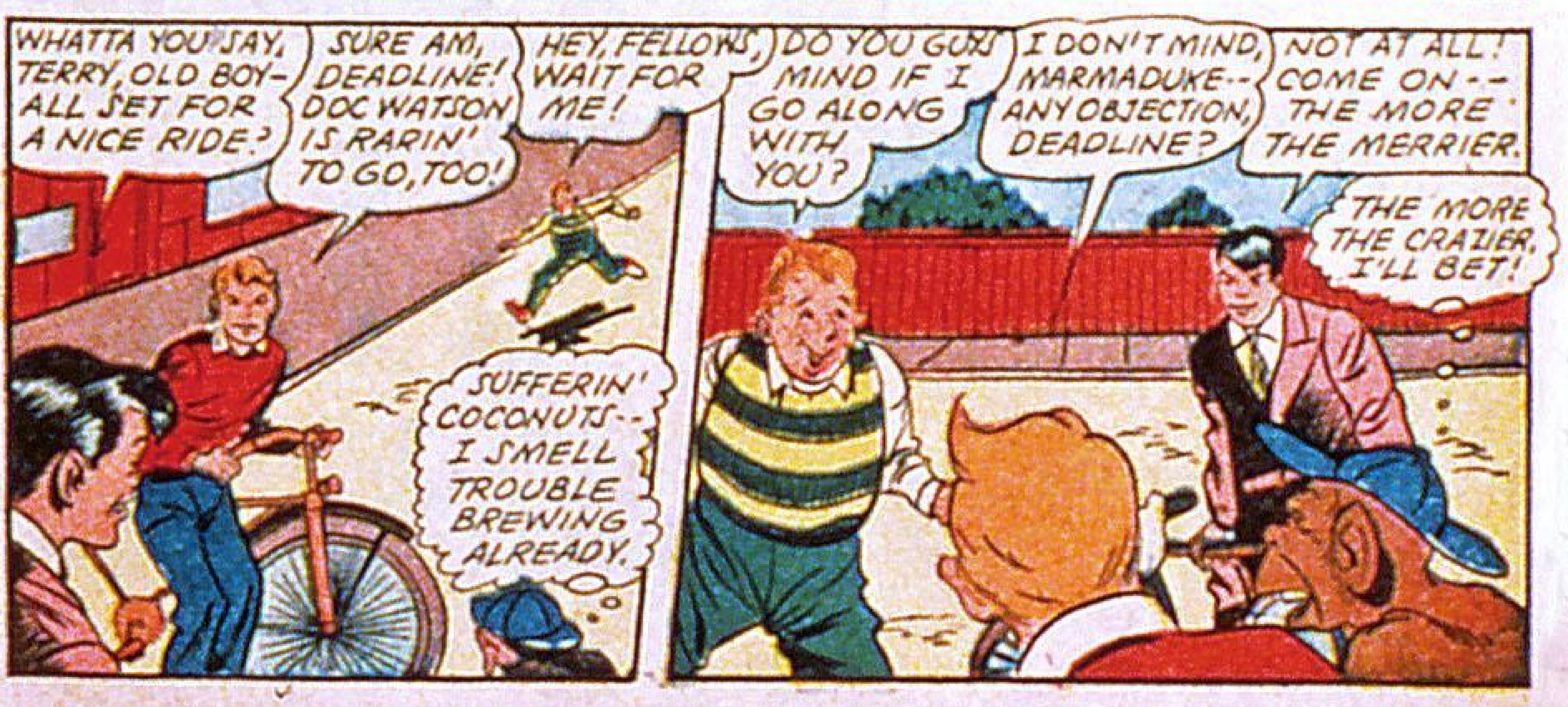

BUT TOMMY FINDS THAT BEING A MILITARY LEADER IS NOT ALWAYS AN EASY JOB . . .
GOSH! ACCORDING TO WHAT YOU SAY, HE'S GOT TWICE AS MANY MEN AS WE HAVE!
WE DEFEATED HIM AT ORLEANS! BUT IN THE OPEN HE HAS THE ADVANTAGE! WE DARE NOT BATTLE WITH HIM!
LET ME SEE! WHAT WOULD EISENHOWER DO? PROBABLY LEAD 'EM IN A CAMOUFLAGED TRAP THAT LOOKED LIKE TREES AND SHRUBS AN ----
CAMOUFLAGE! MAYBE I GOT SOMETHIN' DERE!
THOU HAST A MEANING! BUT IT IS WELL HIDDEN IN THY WORDS! WOULDS'T THOU EXPLAIN?
HERE'S DE SET-UP, AETIUS! FIRST WE DIG A BIG DITCH HERE AND DEN - B-Z-Z-Z-Z!
THAT NIGHT, TOMMY SLIPS THROUGH ATTILA'S LINES . . .
THAT'S ATTILA NOW! I NEVER SAW A GUY WITH SUCH AN APPETITE!
TOMMY'S SLING SHOT DELIVERS A TELLING BLOW . . .
OWW! I'VE BEEN ATTACKED!
TRY TO CATCH ME, FATHEAD!
TO HORSE! NO ONE CAN ATTACK ME TWICE --- AND LIVE!
6

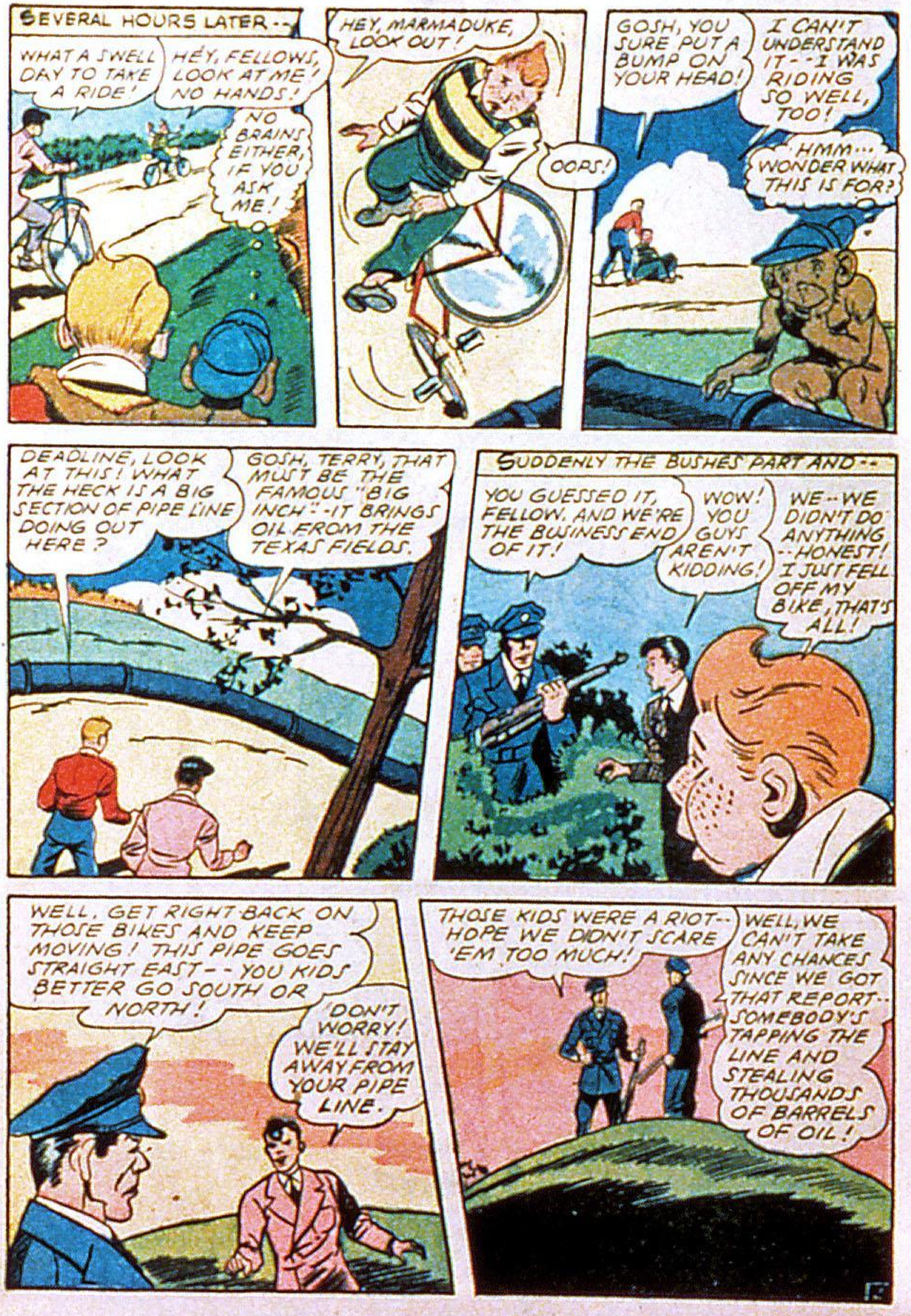

ATTILA'S SENDIN' HIS WHOLE ARMY AFTER ME! I'VE GOTTA SHAKE A LEG!
HERE THEY COME! LUCKY I GOT THIS FOXHOLE ALL READY!
FASTER! SMASH HIM BENEATH YOUR HORSES!
UNABLE TO STOP, ATTILA'S HORSEMEN PLUNGE INTO THE CAMOUFLAGED TRAP ....
AIEEEEEE
YOW!
WHAAA!
ATTILA, THE HUN, SEEKS REVENGE ..
YOU'VE DESTROYED MY ARMY! I'LL KILL---
OWWW!
THIS SLING SHOT SURE COMES IN HANDY! HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOUR OTHER EYE!
SUDDENLY, THE CLOCK-OF-AGES RINGS, SUMMONING TOMMY TYME BACK AGAIN TO THE PRESENT ....
WELL, THOMAS, DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO ATTILA, THE HUN, AT THE BATTLE OF CHALONS?
SURE, TEACHER! HE GOT LICKED BY A GUY NAMED AETIUS! HE PRETTY NEAR LOST HIS WHOLE ARMY!
AND HE GOT A COUPLE OF BLACK EYES TO BARGAIN! FROM A LEFT HOOK AND A SLING SHOT! BUT TEACHER WOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT!
THE END

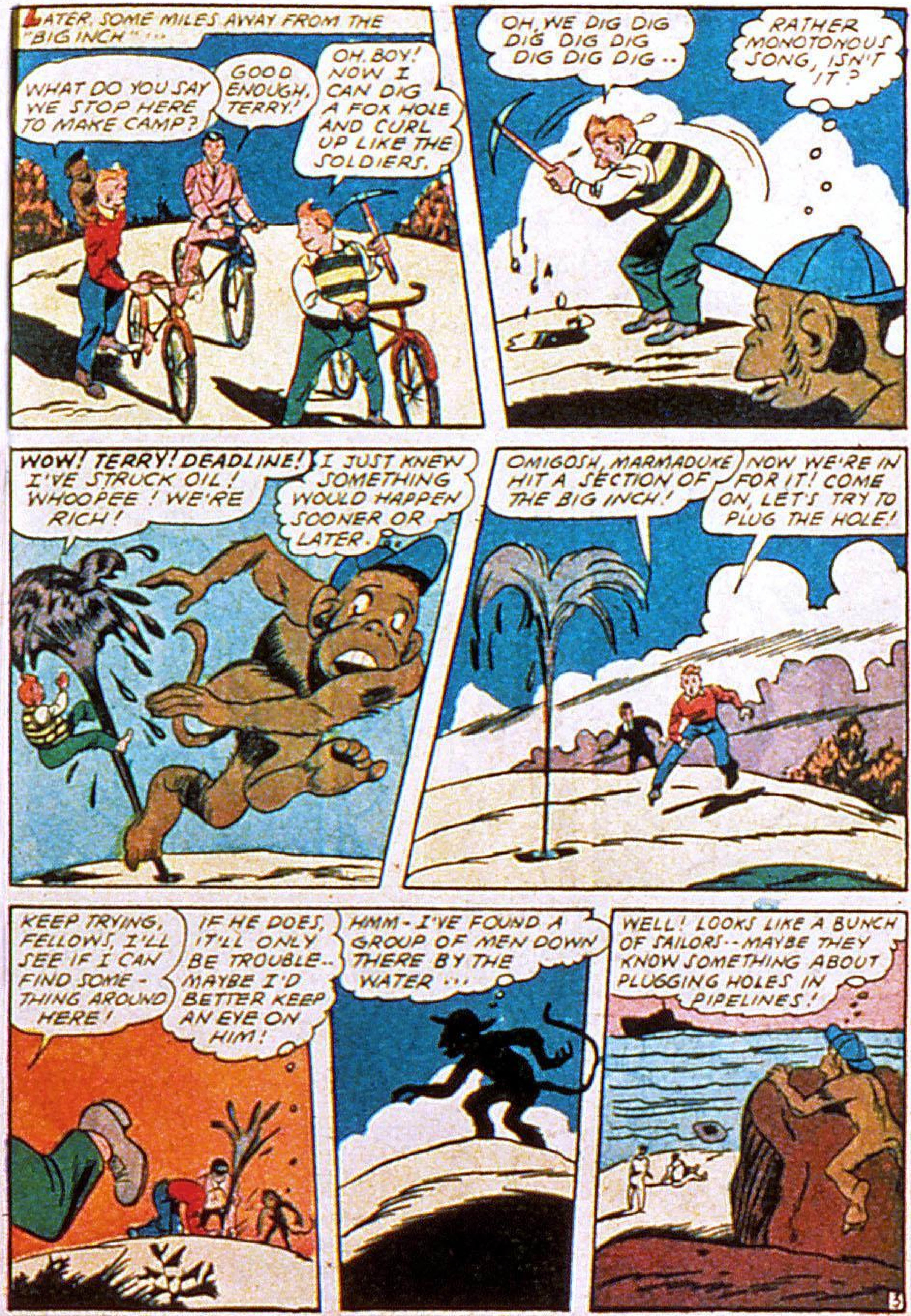
Terry Vance
The School Boy Sleuth

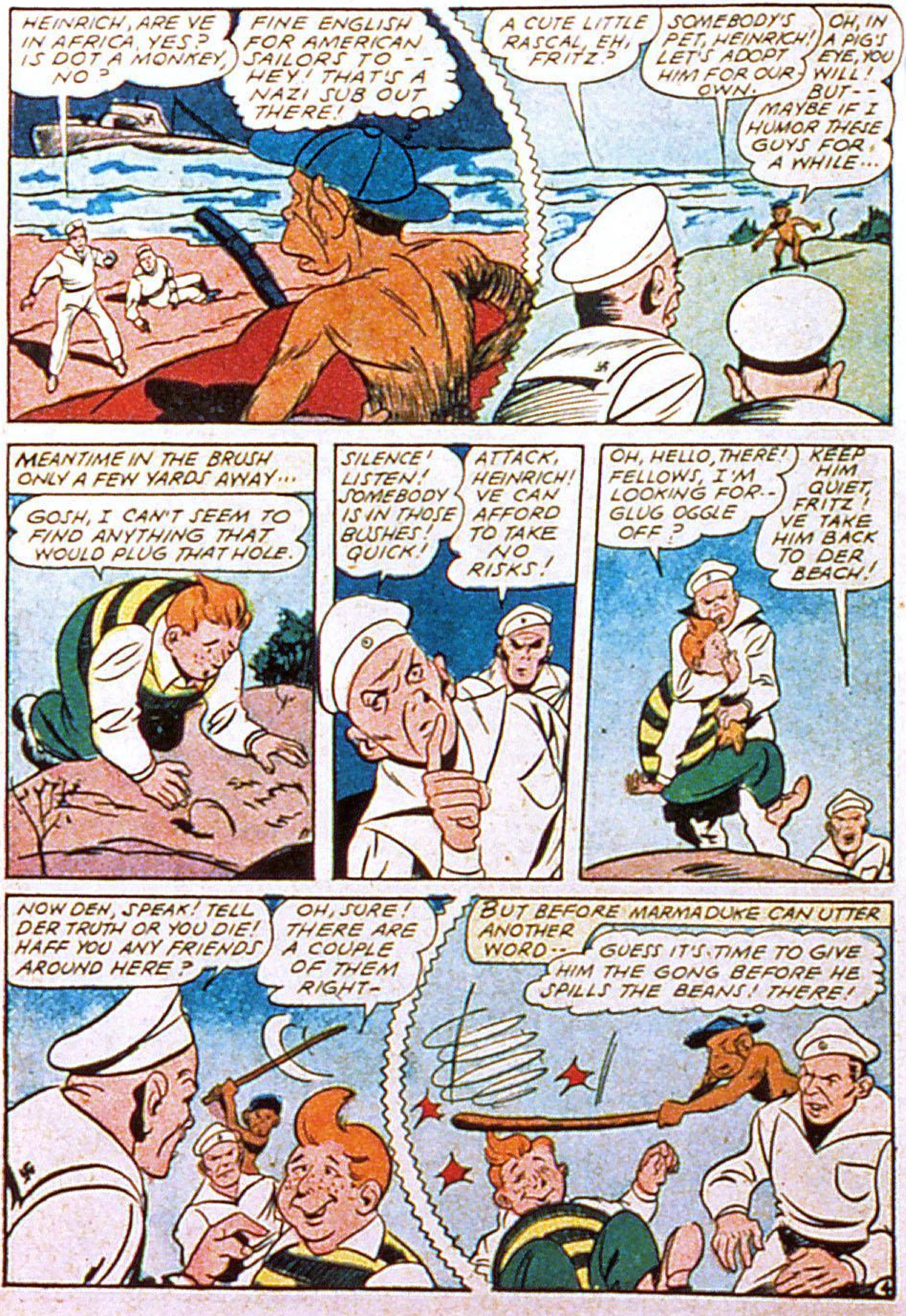


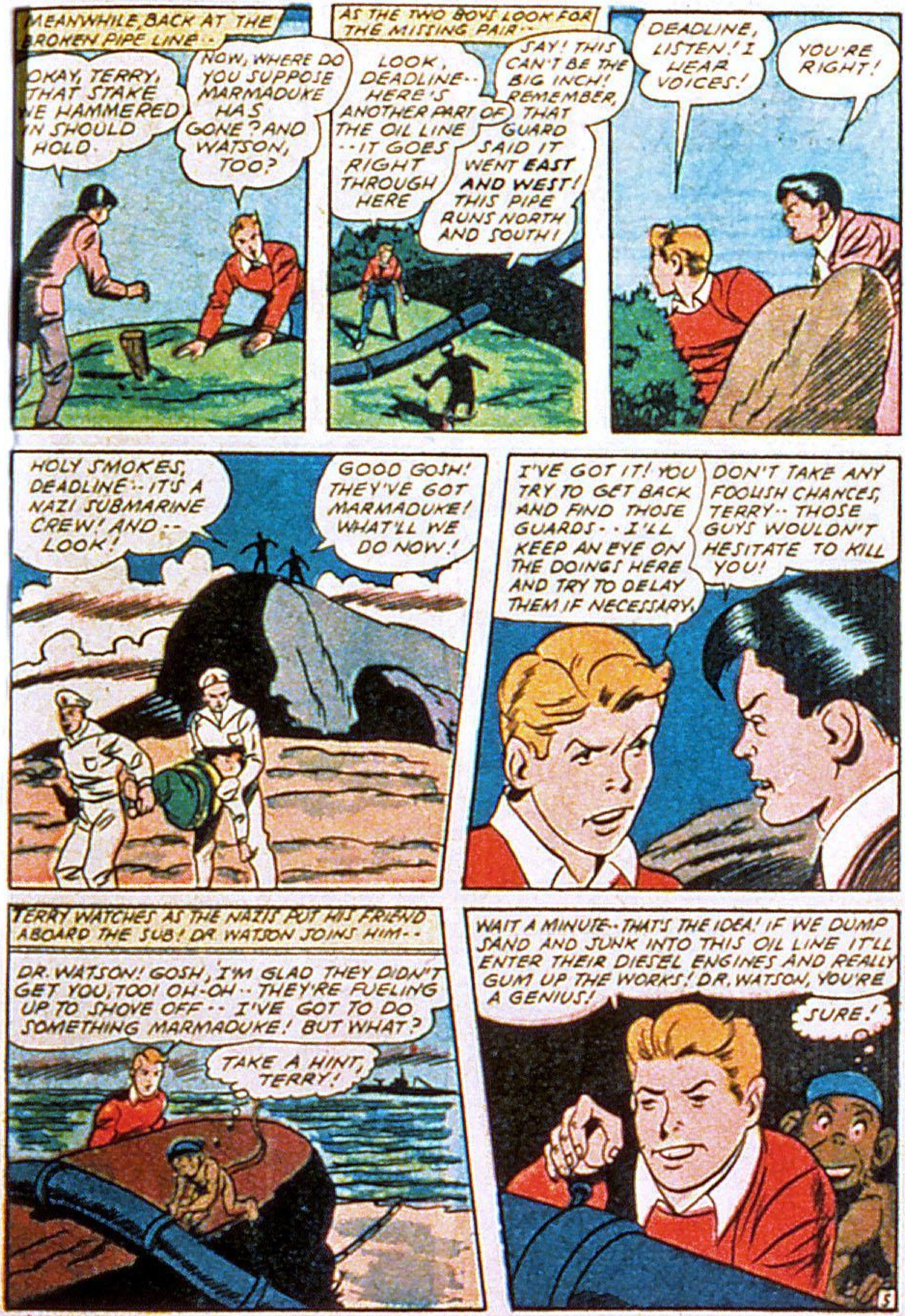
WHEN TERRY, DEADLINE, AND DR. WATSON TAKE MARMADUKE JONES ON A CROSS-COUNTRY BICYCLE JAUNT, THEY DON'T KNOW THEY ARE PEDALLING RIGHT INTO THE TEETH OF A VICIOUS CREW OF DESPERATE NAZIS WHO WILL STOP AT NOTHING -- EVEN MURDER! TO HIDE THEIR DEADLY SECRET!

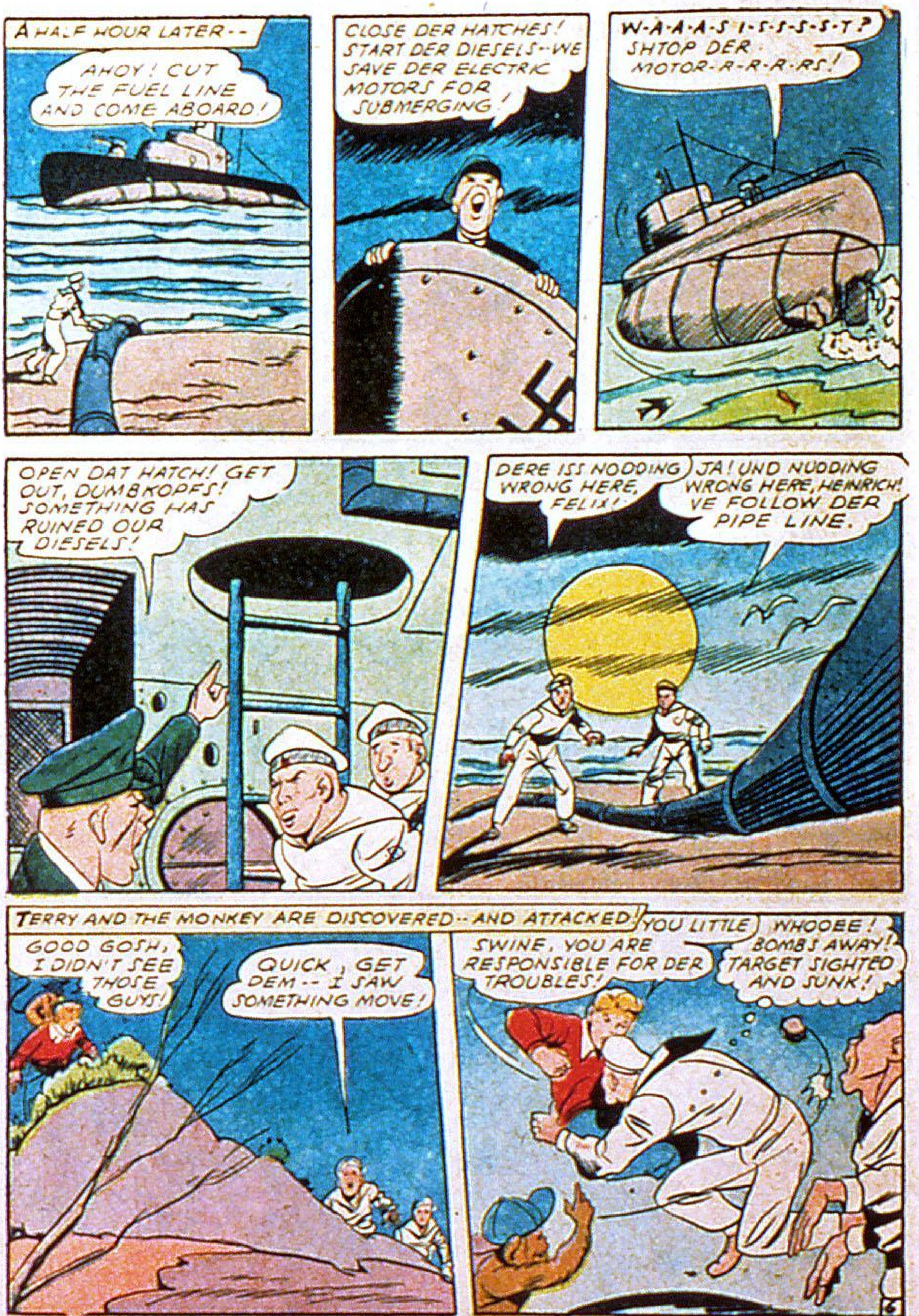

WHATTA YOU SAY, TERRY, OLD BOY-- ALL SET FOR A NICE RIDE?
SURE AM, DEADLINE! DOC WATSON IS RARIN' TO GO, TOO!
HEY, FELLOWS, WAIT FOR ME!
SUFFERIN' COCONUTS-- I SMELL TROUBLE BREWING ALREADY.
DO YOU GUYS MIND IF I GO ALONG WITH YOU?
I DON'T MIND, MARMADUKE-- ANY OBJECTION, DEADLINE?
NOT AT ALL! COME ON -- THE MORE THE MERRIER.
THE MORE THE CRAZIER, I'LL BET!

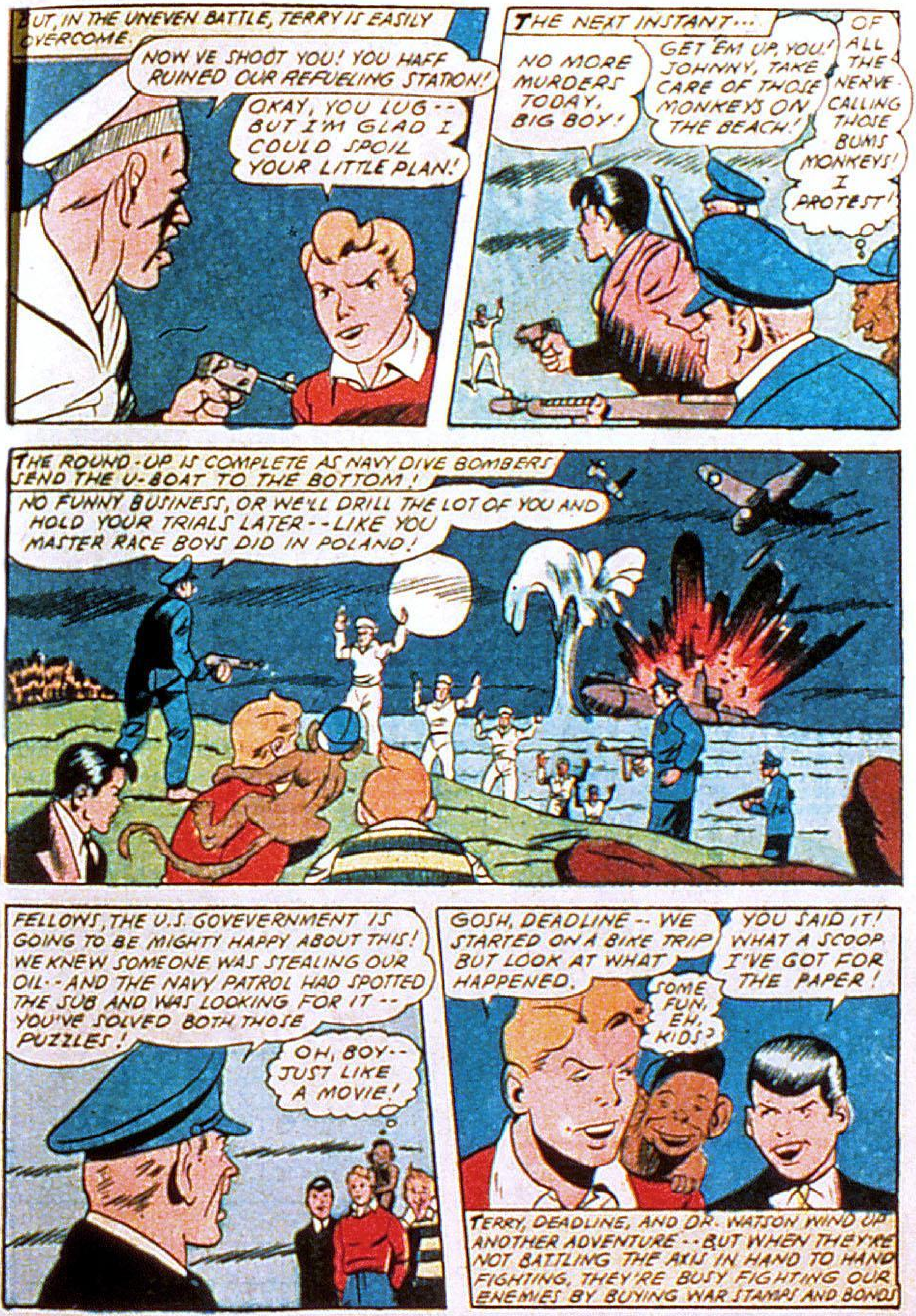

SEVERAL HOURS LATER --
WHAT A SWELL DAY TO TAKE A RIDE!
HEY, FELLOWS, LOOK AT ME! NO HANDS!
NO BRAINS EITHER, IF YOU ASK ME!
HEY, MARMADUKE, LOOK OUT!
OOPS!
GOSH, YOU SURE PUT A BUMP ON YOUR HEAD!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT -- I WAS RIDING SO WELL, TOO!
HMM... WONDER WHAT THIS IS FOR?
DEADLINE, LOOK AT THIS! WHAT THE HECK IS A BIG SECTION OF PIPE LINE DOING OUT HERE?
GOSH, TERRY, THAT MUST BE THE FAMOUS "BIG INCH" -- IT BRINGS OIL FROM THE TEXAS FIELDS.
SUDDENLY THE BUSHES PART AND --
YOU GUESSED IT, FELLOW. AND WE'RE THE BUSINESS END OF IT!
WOW! YOU GUYS AREN'T KIDDING!
WE -- WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING -- HONEST! I JUST FELL OFF MY BIKE, THAT'S ALL!
WELL, GET RIGHT BACK ON THOSE BIKES AND KEEP MOVING! THIS PIPE GOES STRAIGHT EAST -- YOU KIDS BETTER GO SOUTH OR NORTH!
DON'T WORRY! WE'LL STAY AWAY FROM YOUR PIPE LINE.
THOSE KIDS WERE A RIOT -- HOPE WE DIDN'T SCARE 'EM TOO MUCH!
WELL, WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES SINCE WE GOT THAT REPORT.. SOMEBODY'S TAPPING THE LINE AND STEALING THOUSANDS OF BARRELS OF OIL!


LATER, SOME MILES AWAY FROM THE "BIG INCH"...
WHAT DO YOU SAY WE STOP HERE TO MAKE CAMP?
GOOD ENOUGH, TERRY!
OH, BOY! NOW I CAN DIG A FOX HOLE AND CURL UP LIKE THE SOLDIERS.
OH, WE DIG DIG DIG DIG DIG DIG DIG DIG DIG..
RATHER MONOTONOUS SONG, ISN'T IT?
WOW! TERRY! DEADLINE! I'VE STRUCK OIL! WHOOPEE! WE'RE RICH!
I JUST KNEW SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN SOONER OR LATER.
OMIGOSH, MARMADUKE HIT A SECTION OF THE BIG INCH!
NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT! COME ON, LET'S TRY TO PLUG THE HOLE!
KEEP TRYING, FELLOWS, I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND SOMETHING AROUND HERE!
IF HE DOES, IT'LL ONLY BE TROUBLE.. MAYBE I'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!
HMM - I'VE FOUND A GROUP OF MEN DOWN THERE BY THE WATER...
WELL! LOOKS LIKE A BUNCH OF SAILORS--MAYBE THEY KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT PLUGGING HOLES IN PIPELINES!

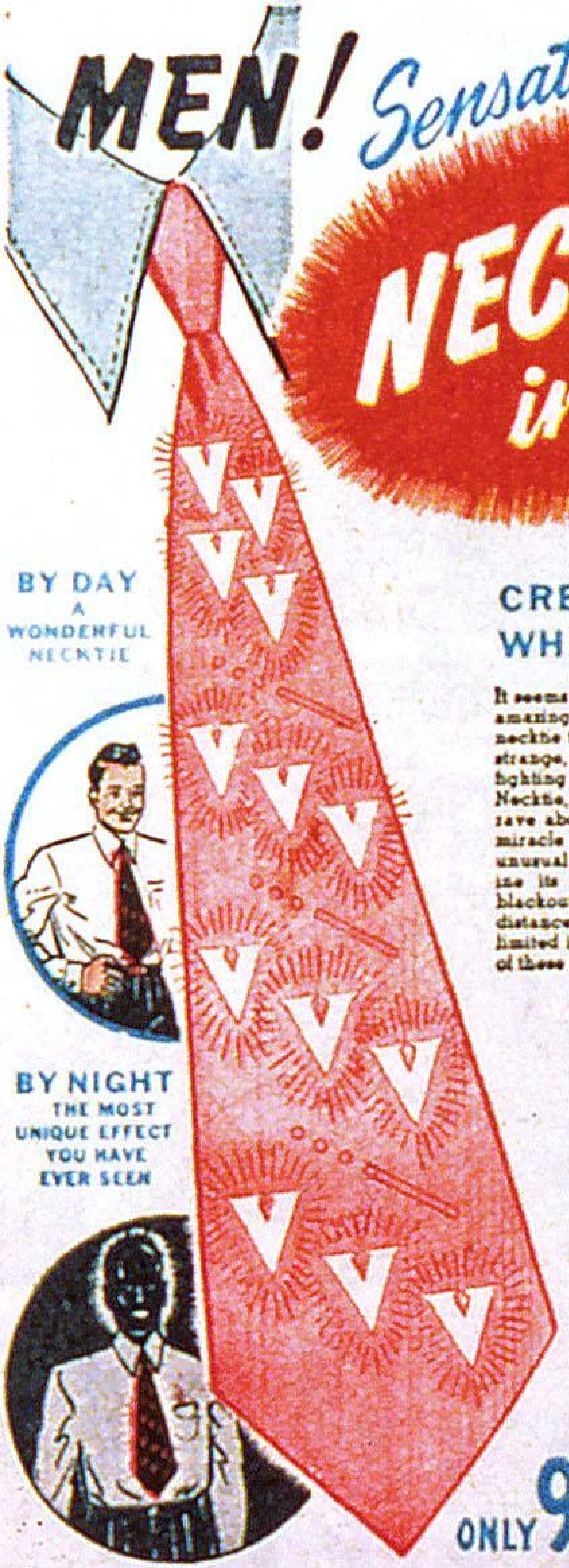

HEINRICH, ARE VE IN AFRICA, YES? IS DOT A MONKEY, NO?
FINE ENGLISH FOR AMERICAN SAILORS TO -- HEY! THAT'S A NAZI SUB OUT THERE!
A CUTE LITTLE RASCAL, EH, FRITZ?
SOMEBODY'S PET, HEINRICH! LET'S ADOPT HIM FOR OUR OWN.
OH, IN A PIG'S EYE, YOU WILL! BUT-- MAYBE IF I HUMOR THESE GUYS FOR A WHILE...
MEANTIME IN THE BRUSH ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY...
GOSH, I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND ANYTHING THAT WOULD PLUG THAT HOLE.
SILENCE! LISTEN! SOMEBODY IS IN THOSE BUSHES! QUICK!
ATTACK, HEINRICH! VE CAN AFFORD TO TAKE NO RISKS!
OH, HELLO, THERE! FELLOWS, I'M LOOKING FOR-- GLUG OGGLE OFF?
KEEP HIM QUIET, FRITZ! VE TAKE HIM BACK TO DER BEACH!
NOW DEN, SPEAK! TELL DER TRUTH OR YOU DIE! HAFF YOU ANY FRIENDS AROUND HERE?
OH, SURE! THERE ARE A COUPLE OF THEM RIGHT-
BUT BEFORE MARMADUKE CAN UTTER ANOTHER WORD--
GUESS IT'S TIME TO GIVE HIM THE GONG BEFORE HE SPILLS THE BEANS! THERE!


MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE BROKEN PIPE LINE - -
OKAY, TERRY, THAT STAKE WE HAMMERED IN SHOULD HOLD.
NOW, WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE MARMADUKE HAS GONE? AND WATSON, TOO?
AS THE TWO BOYS LOOK FOR THE MISSING PAIR - -
LOOK, DEADLINE - - HERE'S ANOTHER PART OF THE OIL LINE - - IT GOES RIGHT THROUGH HERE
SAY! THIS CAN'T BE THE BIG INCH! REMEMBER, THAT GUARD SAID IT WENT EAST AND WEST! THIS PIPE RUNS NORTH AND SOUTH!
DEADLINE, LISTEN! I HEAR VOICES!
YOU'RE RIGHT!
HOLY SMOKES, DEADLINE - - IT'S A NAZI SUBMARINE CREW! AND - - LOOK!
GOOD GOSH! THEY'VE GOT MARMADUKE! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW!
I'VE GOT IT! YOU TRY TO GET BACK AND FIND THOSE GUARDS - - I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THE DOINGS HERE AND TRY TO DELAY THEM IF NECESSARY.
DON'T TAKE ANY FOOLISH CHANCES, TERRY - - THOSE GUYS WOULDN'T HESITATE TO KILL YOU!
TERRY WATCHES AS THE NAZIS PUT HIS FRIEND ABOARD THE SUB! DR. WATSON JOINS HIM - -
DR. WATSON! GOSH, I'M GLAD THEY DIDN'T GET YOU, TOO! OH-OH - - THEY'RE FUELING UP TO SHOVE OFF - - I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING MARMADUKE! BUT WHAT?
TAKE A HINT, TERRY!
WAIT A MINUTE - - THAT'S THE IDEA! IF WE DUMP SAND AND JUNK INTO THIS OIL LINE IT'LL ENTER THEIR DIESEL ENGINES AND REALLY GUM UP THE WORKS! DR. WATSON, YOU'RE A GENIUS!
SURE!
5


A HALF HOUR LATER--
AHOY! CUT THE FUEL LINE AND COME ABOARD!
CLOSE DER HATCHES! START DER DIESELS--WE SAVE DER ELECTRIC MOTORS FOR SUBMERGING!
W-A-A-A-S-I-S-S-S-S-T? SHTOP DER MOTOR-R-R-R-RS!
OPEN DAT HATCH! GET OUT, DUMBKOPFS! SOMETHING HAS RUINED OUR DIESELS!
DERE ISS NODDING WRONG HERE, FELIX!
JA! UND NUDDING WRONG HERE, HEINRICH! VE FOLLOW DER PIPE LINE.
TERRY AND THE MONKEY ARE DISCOVERED--AND ATTACKED!
GOOD GOSH, I DIDN'T SEE THOSE GUYS!
QUICK, GET DEM -- I SAW SOMETHING MOVE!
YOU LITTLE SWINE, YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR DER TROUBLES!
WHOOEE! BOMBS AWAY! TARGET SIGHTED AND SUNK!


BUT, IN THE UNEVEN BATTLE, TERRY IS EASILY OVERCOME.
NOW VE SHOOT YOU! YOU HAFF RUINED OUR REFUELING STATION!
OKAY, YOU LUG-- BUT I'M GLAD I COULD SPOIL YOUR LITTLE PLAN!
THE NEXT INSTANT...
NO MORE MURDERS TODAY, BIG BOY!
GET 'EM UP, YOU! JOHNNY, TAKE CARE OF THOSE MONKEYS ON THE BEACH!
OF ALL THE NERVE CALLING THOSE BUMS MONKEYS! I PROTEST!
THE ROUND-UP IS COMPLETE AS NAVY DIVE BOMBERS SEND THE U-BOAT TO THE BOTTOM!
NO FUNNY BUSINESS, OR WE'LL DRILL THE LOT OF YOU AND HOLD YOUR TRIALS LATER--LIKE YOU MASTER RACE BOYS DID IN POLAND!
FELLOWS, THE U.S. GOVEVERNMENT IS GOING TO BE MIGHTY HAPPY ABOUT THIS! WE KNEW SOMEONE WAS STEALING OUR OIL--AND THE NAVY PATROL HAD SPOTTED THE SUB AND WAS LOOKING FOR IT-- YOU'VE SOLVED BOTH THOSE PUZZLES!
OH, BOY-- JUST LIKE A MOVIE!
GOSH, DEADLINE -- WE STARTED ON A BIKE TRIP BUT LOOK AT WHAT HAPPENED.
SOME FUN, EH, KIDS?
YOU SAID IT! WHAT A SCOOP I'VE GOT FOR THE PAPER!
TERRY, DEADLINE, AND DR. WATSON WIND UP ANOTHER ADVENTURE--BUT WHEN THEY'RE NOT BATTLING THE AXIS IN HAND TO HAND FIGHTING, THEY'RE BUSY FIGHTING OUR ENEMIES BY BUYING WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

MEN! Sensational New NECKTIE GLOWS in the Dark!



CREATES A SENSATION WHEREVER YOU GO . . .

It seems almost unbelievable, the magic beauty of an amazing new kind of stylish, wrinkleproof, high-class necktie that actually glows in the dark! Glows with a strange, luminous pattern of the patriot's universal fighting code. . . . — "V!" It's called the new Victory Necktie, and what a sensation! Both men and women rave about its magnificent beauty, and the startling miracle of its glow in the dark, and makes it the most unusual strikingly unique tie you've ever seen. Imagine its marvelous effect—its actual protection in blackouts, or dimouts, for its light can be seen at a distance. And now, through this astounding but limited introductory offer, you, too, can secure some of these ties to wear yourself or give as treasured gifts.

YOU MUST SEE THIS MIRACLE YOURSELF

SEND NO MONEY . . . MAIL COUPON . . . TEST AT OUR RISK

Make no mistake, this new Victory Necktie must not be confused with any ordinary novelty tie, for by day you'll be vastly proud of its fine material, its smartness—a high-class, distinctive tie in every way. Wrinkleproof! Ties up perfectly! It's a rich dark blue, and in a splendor of red and white, is the Victory Code that glows in the dark. You would expect this wonderful tie to be very expensive, but it won't cost you $5.00 nor even $2.00, for under this special limited offer, it is yours for only 98c. Nor is that all. You send no money. You merely pay postman 98c plus postage. Then examine. See how beautiful. And if you're not eager to wear it, if you are not fully satisfied in every way, all you need to do is return it under the manufacturer's positive assurance of money refunded. That's fair, isn't it? Don't wait. Send for your Victory Necktie that glows in the dark NOW.

ONLY 98¢

Everywhere you go, by day or night, your Victory (also called Blackout) Necktie will attract attention, envy, and admiration. Imagine its beauty by day—the fighting man's . . . — "V" for Victory, in striking, red, white and blue! And at night the Victory Code in flaming beauty! Wear this tie with pride—it's smart, wrinkleproof—and holds its shape perfectly. A superb bargain in quality, with the added sensational magic of glowing in the dark. Send for yours now!

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215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Rush me my Victory Necktie that glows in the dark. I will pay postman 98c plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted, or return tie for full refund.

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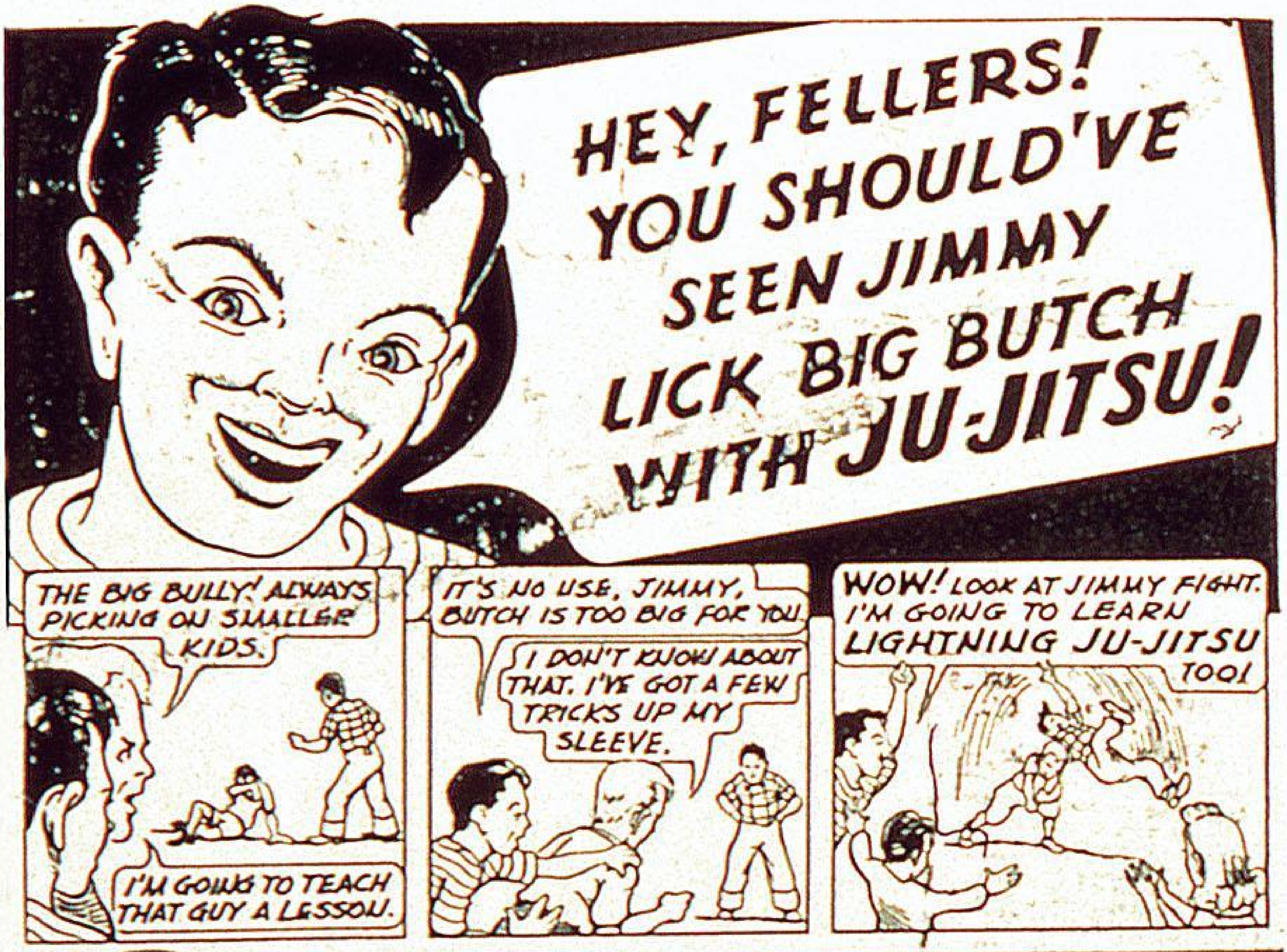
HEY, FELLERS! YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN JIMMY LICK BIG BUTCH WITH JU-JITSU!
THE BIG BULLY! ALWAYS PICKING ON SMALLER KIDS.
I'M GOING TO TEACH THAT GUY A LESSON.
IT'S NO USE, JIMMY, BUTCH IS TOO BIG FOR YOU.
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. I'VE GOT A FEW TRICKS UP MY SLEEVE.
WOW! LOOK AT JIMMY FIGHT. I'M GOING TO LEARN LIGHTNING JU-JITSU TOO!

ARE YOU BEING PUSHED AROUND BY BIGGER FELLOWS?

Have you been "scared" of some one because he knows how to box or wrestle and you don't? Have you thought of yourself as just not being able to fight at all?

Then STOP feeling it, fellow, and BEGIN thinking it out! Here's the great new book on JU-JITSU—the astounding fighting method that is sweeping the country—the method our Commandos use—the technique that will make you a REAL FIGHTING MAN!

The incredible things you've heard about JU-JITSU may sound like fairy tales—but they're all true. Skinny featherweights do somersault 200 pounders through space . . . a poke of the finger can knock an opponent into dreamland . . . professional boxers and wrestlers do admit that a JU-JITSU expert is too tough for them!

Now you, too, can become an expert—and just as you are! That's the beauty of JU-JITSU. Even though you weigh less than 100 pounds, you can learn how to bowl over your enemies like a Commando knocking over the Japs. It doesn't take weeks or months. In double quick time—without gadgets, without big muscles—you will be tougher than you ever dreamed. Then imagine how your friends will admire you—how proud your family and your girl friend will be of you—when you've shown them that you've become a real fighting man.

JUST A SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU'LL FIND IN THIS AMAZING BOOK

How to beat a boxer
How to beat a wrestler
How to hit where it hurts
How to break a body grip
The answer to a right hook
How to break a wrist-lock
How to break a half-nelson
How to break a strangle-hold
How to disarm a hold-up man
How to flip a man over your hip
How to apply the "teeth-rattler"
How to knock-out an enemy with one blow
How to somersault a man over your shoulder

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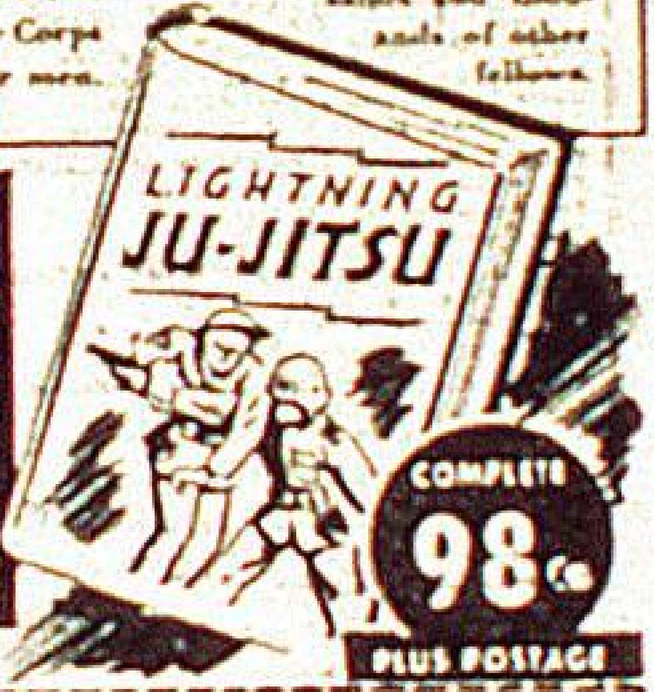

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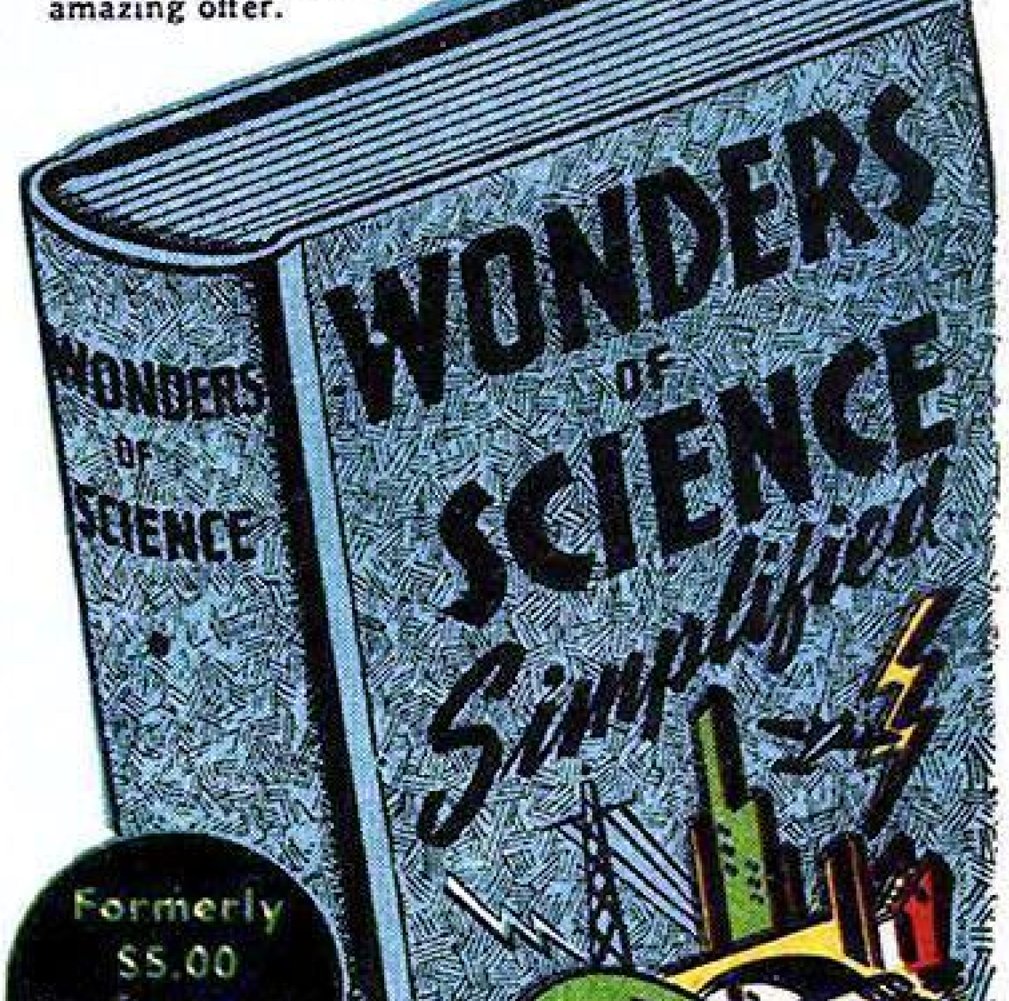

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